Saturday Review

LAST CHANCE IN THE MIDDLE EAST?

by Norman Cousins

March 22, 1975

75¢

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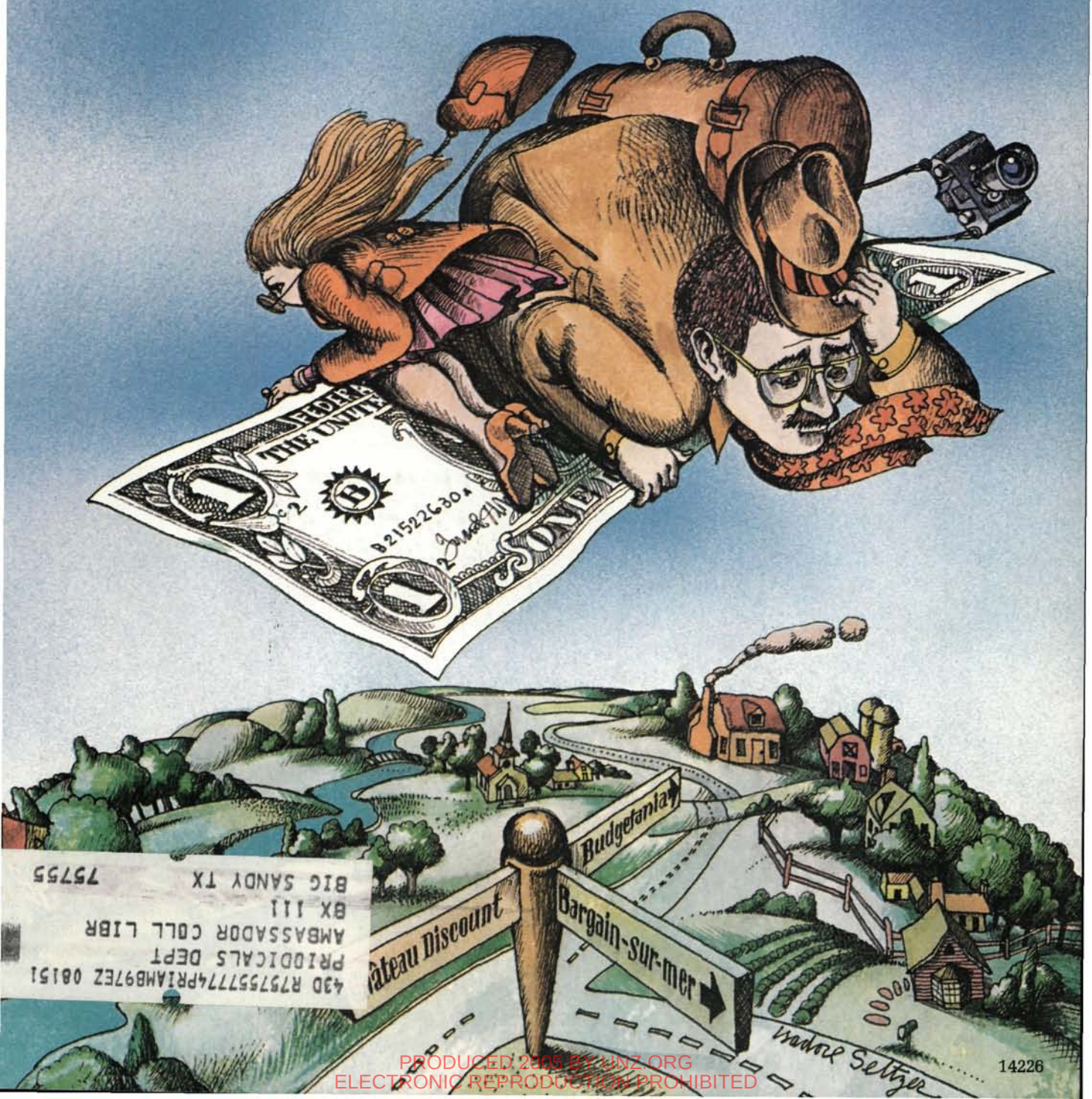

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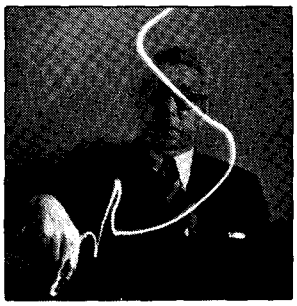

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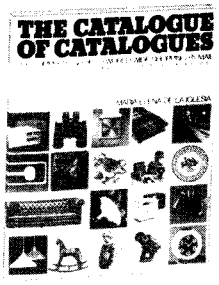

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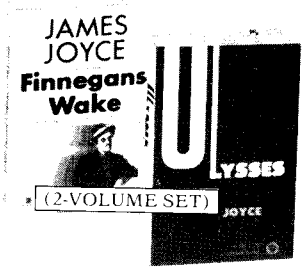

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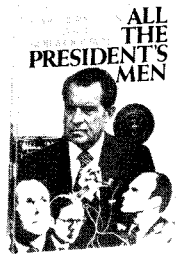

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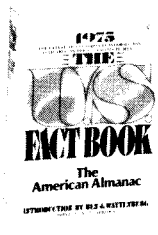

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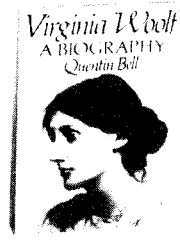

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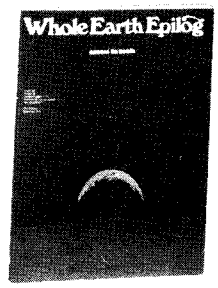

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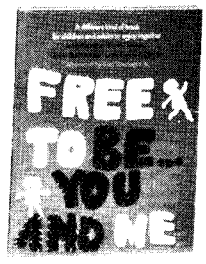

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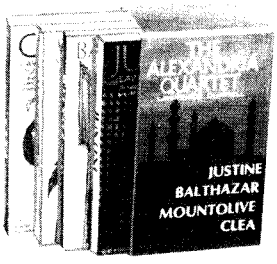

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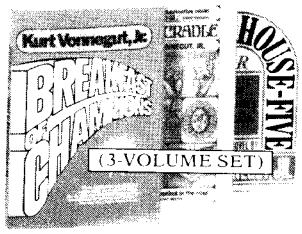

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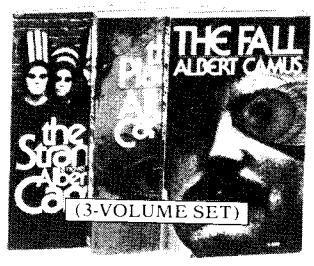

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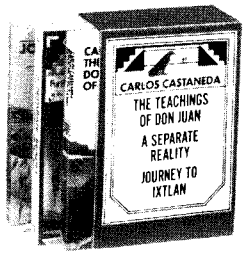

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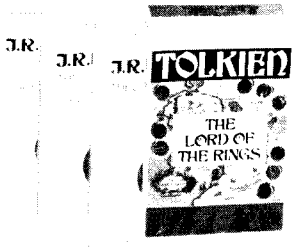

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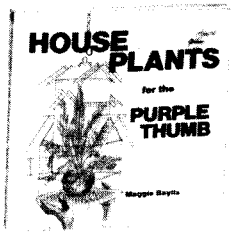

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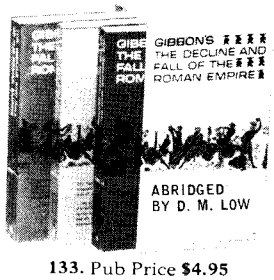

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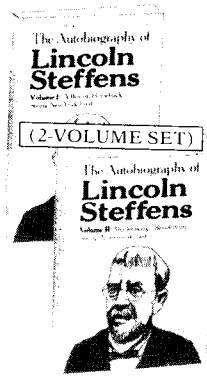

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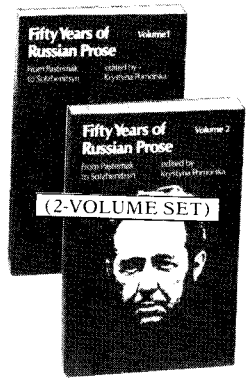

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World Progress Report

Parental Discretion

For parents who already have all the children they want, sterilization is an increasingly popular, once-and-for-all solution. According to a recent federal estimate, of all the American couples in the main childbearing age of 20 to 39, one in six has at least one sterilized partner. Usually, though perhaps surprisingly, it's the male: The Association for Voluntary Sterilization estimates that 57 percent of the more than 900,000 sterilizations in the United States in 1973 were vasectomies. The male operation, a simple surgical procedure often performed in the doctor's office, has always been easier and safer for men than the analogous operation for women.

Recently, however, doctors at Johns Hopkins University have announced a new technique for female sterilization that can be done in 10 to 15 minutes under local anesthetic and requires a hospital stay of only a few hours.

The new technique, developed by Korea-trained Dr. InBae Yoon, an assistant professor of gynecology and obstetrics, involves putting kinks in the fallopian tubes, which carry the eggs from the ovaries to the uterus for fertilization. With blood circulation to the area cut off by silicone rubber rings, the tubes become fibrous and permanently sealed.

In the present technique the fallopian tubes are closed by cauterization, with the attendant risk of accidental damage to nearby tissues. Dr. Yoon's method has been used on 300 patients at Johns Hopkins as well as on more than 600 women in Korea and the Philippines, with only minor and infrequent adverse side effects.

Thought for Food

The tragic spectacle of mass starvation and pandemic malnutrition has become the nightly TV-news fare for millions in America and the daily fact of life for hundreds of millions in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. While governments move—but slowly and in their mysterious ways—to provide direct food aid for the immediate future and development aid for the long term, private groups have mobilized, enabling individual citizens to contribute to the humanitarian effort and to affirm their own humanity in the process.

In Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell University students and townspeople from more than 20 school and community organizations joined last September in the Coalition for the Right to Eat (CRE). Perhaps the most creative and arresting feature of the coalition's four-part program commits participating students to a once-a-week lunch of rice at the Cornell dining hall. The difference in cost between the vegetarian menu and the normal, meaty bill of fare is turned over to UNICEF, earmarked for famine relief in Sahelian Africa, the drought-afflicted band of countries south of the Sahara. The coalition is attempting to get Cornell's food concessionaire to offer the same option at its other institutional operations around the country.

The coalition's fund-raising committee swells the cash contribution by sponsoring concerts, dances, and parties, at which performers donate their services and all proceeds go to UNICEF. All told, last semester, according to Arne Youngerman, student organizer of the coalition, "we were able to raise more than $5,000 for UNICEF with a budget of less than $200." The U.N. relief organization reported that the money would provide supplementary food and health care for 1,000 starving African children for one month and pay for eight deep-well pumps to improve supplies of drinking and irrigation water. This semester, predicts Rev. Robert W. Beggs, the director of Cornell's Interreligious International Ministry and an advisor to the student program, the coalition's UNICEF contribution will reach $12,000.

Meanwhile, the coalition promotes consciousness-raising about the causes, effects, and cures of world hunger. Lectures, seminars, and films are presented; a regular campus newsletter disseminates pertinent facts and ideas; and every effort is made to integrate nutrition and food problems into the curriculum.

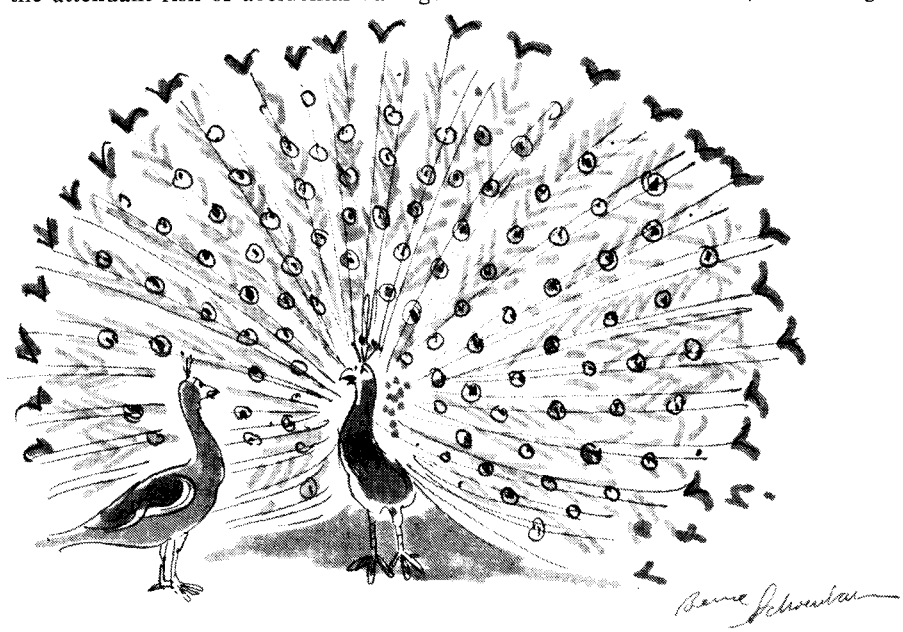
Finally, CRE's Workshop Committee is organizing the Ithaca community, surrounding Tomkins County and beyond, and other colleges into a World Hunger Action Coalition. A January meeting included three counties and four colleges planning a merger of their efforts.

The Cornell coalition's effort has been selected by the U.S. Committee for UNICEF as a national model for the growing American campus movement responding to the world food tragedy. "I think the diversity and scope of our activities are what impressed the committee," says Arne Youngerman. "We are proud of what the coalition has accomplished in Ithaca so far, and we are glad that this movement is spreading to other parts of the country.

"But," adds Youngerman realistically, "eliminating hunger and starvation in the world is a tremendous job, and this is just the beginning.

"People who are starving don't need our sympathy or our regrets," Youngerman declares. "They need our help, and that's what the coalition is all about."

ANTHONY WOLFF



"I look proud, but I don't feel particularly proud."

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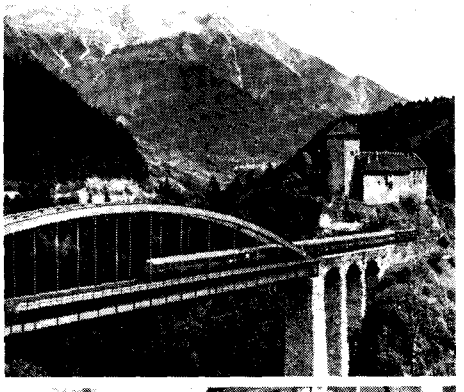
PAMELA FIORI, SENIOR EDITOR, TRAVEL & LEISURE DEC. '73, P. 10—

"Riding the trains of Europe is an easily acquired habit. I'm hooked and never fail to substitute a train for a plane or car whenever I get the chance."



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Curmudgeon-at-Large by Cleveland Amory

Modern book-and-author–or rather, author-and-book–promotions are perilous enough. "No," one woman told me sternly, as I dutifully started to sign a copy of *Man Kind?*, "don't put anything in it–I might want to take it back." Another woman considered the problem for an incredible length of time. "I can't," she said finally. "I just can't. I promised my husband that until he says the recession is over, I would not buy a single non-essential."

Now comes, however, a startling new terror to all authors. This is in the form of a new book entitled *The Nothing Book*. The most remarkable thing about this book is the accuracy of its title. There is nothing in it. Nothing, indeed, at all. Just blank pages–200 of them, in fact. The price?–three dollars.

And how many copies of this new book have been sold? No, you're wrong. At last report, the figure was 115,000. And this is particularly important–a deluxe edition is now being planned, to sell for five dollars. For, we presume, the reader who has everything.

There are several reasons, in our opinion, for the tremendous success of *The Nothing Book*. One reason is that many books nowadays are admittedly too long, and certainly nobody can say that about this one. It can be read at one sitting–indeed, at one standing. Another reason is that many nonfiction books, at least, are either over-documented or under-documented. Again, no one can say that about this, and you can go to the bank on every fact in it. Still a third reason for its success is that no one can take issue with it or quarrel with the author. Who, for example, would have the nerve to pick up a book of 200 blank pages and write the author, "You blankety-blank"?

Which brings us to a fourth and final point. We are living in an era in which the reader, not the writer, the audience, not the performer, comes first. Witness all the radio talk-back shows and those new public-access TV channels, and now, at last, we have it in the book field. Obviously, the idea of this book is that the reader can, by buying it, become the writer. And he doesn't even have to fear the reviews. Well, we have always maintained there were more potential writers than readers–but *The Nothing Book* gives even us pause. And we wish we had a funny ending for this piece. We have, however, done the next best thing. We have left you two blank lines.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE MONTH–as found by Gaea Leinhardt of Pittsburgh in the *New York Post*:

TOPLESS SALES GIRLS
Saturday & Sunday, 12–6
ADULTS ONLY
HOUSE OF FISH

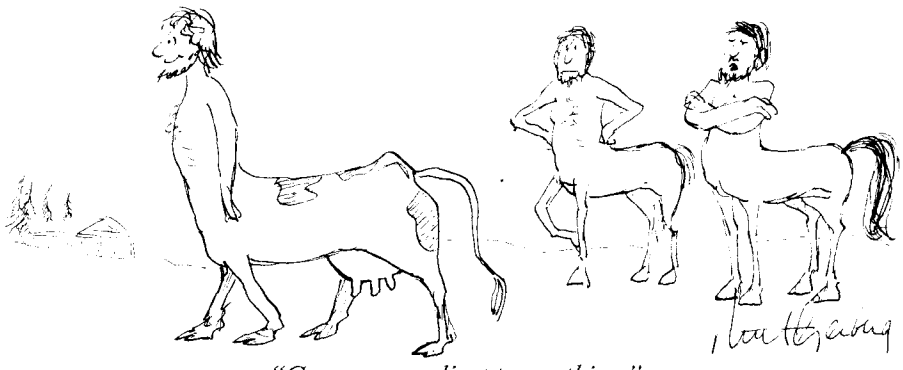
Gee, and we always thought Friday was the big day.

LETTER OF THE MONTH–delivered by Mrs. Thea Glicksman, teacher at Andover High School, Bloomfield Hills, Mich., who received it from her school's media center in response to a request for audiovisual material on Watergate:

Mrs. Glicksman:

Regarding Purchase Order D 820, I regret to inform you that MORALITY AND ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT is unavailable.

Probably shredded it.



"George can adjust to anything."

POST HASTE DEPT.–as pony-expressed by Leah Pinson of Philadelphia, from *The New York Times*:

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Congressional auditors said today that the Postal Service was investing nearly $1-billion in a mechanized, centralized system that will often result in slower delivery of parcels. The Postal Service denied the criticism.

The General Accounting Office said that under the system, a package mailed in El Paso to Midland, Texas, 301 miles away, would have to travel 1,794 miles to get there.

The Postal Service, in a statement commenting on the report, said, "Under the bulk mail system we will move mail with speed equal to or faster than any of our competitors and we will meet our published service standards.

"Mail from El Paso to Midland will not travel 1,794 miles as alleged. In fact, it will travel no further than it does not."

Now that's what we call a soft answer.

FUNERAL OF THE MONTH–as unearthed by H. F. Raup of Kent, Ohio, who found it in the Ravenna *Record-Courier*:

CANTON (UPI)—Funeral services for Fernand Petiot, who achieved a sort of immorality as the inventor of the Bloody Mary will be held here today.

Well, look at it this way–others blessed him.

GLOBAL UNITY DEPT.–as discovered by John Moffitt, poetry editor of *America*, who received it from Indonesia:

TJETAKAN

Dear Sir,

For Reguiates many official report and to persevere with decided portion on International Show room, also for decorates all sorts of rooms, it's have many parts in our building, so that for the coming year we request for your suport with pleasure to sending as many as you can. (If possible each sort more than tens) manner of constant every years or expenses of many kinds yours: Reclames/Brochures/Calendars for coming years and so on/Pictures/Books/Photos/although free samples of yours best producers and another.

To avoid the thefts from Post Office, so long so much and defying death, as often we to witness in many years ago, so that when you of course to help us, please you *must* sending with *Registered* mail and to mention in clears, weight and how much the contents, above our address. When you not to sending it with Registered, positiveness we not to received!

Many thanks beforehand and recommend yours improvement and fraternization among peoples all over the world.

Welcome translations. □

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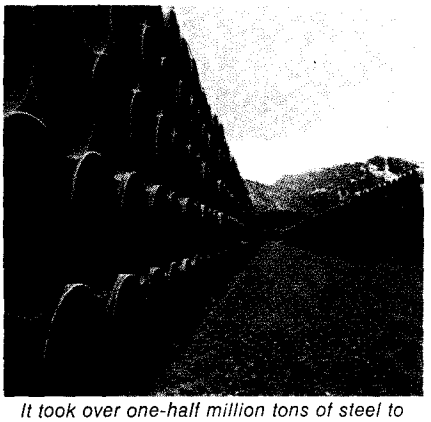
The Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

A report on the most remarkable private construction project in American history.

Far above the Arctic Circle on Alaska's North Slope lies the largest oil field in North America. The Prudhoe Bay oil field holds an estimated 10 billion barrels (one barrel equals 42 gallons) of crude oil.

For years engineers have generally agreed that a pipeline would be the most economical way to get the oil out of this wilderness.

In 1974 work began on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System—the largest single construction project ever undertaken by private industry.

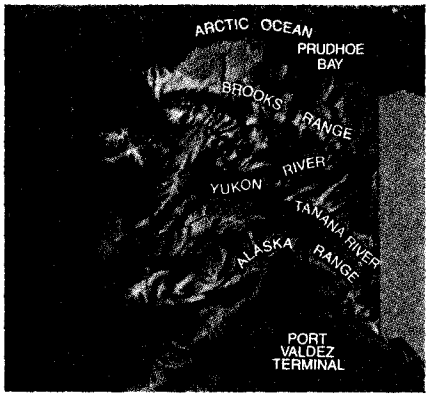


It took over one-half million tons of steel to make the 798 miles of pipe for the project. The sections are 40' and 60' long, 48" in diameter.

The route

The Trans-Alaska Pipeline System will be about 798 miles long—winding its way from Prudhoe across the rugged face of Alaska to Valdez, a deep-water port in southern Alaska.

The Pipeline must cross 3 major mountain ranges, including the Brooks Range, where it will snake through Dietrich Pass at 4,500 feet elevation. It will cross 17 major rivers, including the Yukon, third largest in North America.



The 798-mile Trans-Alaska Pipeline System may ultimately carry 2 million barrels of oil a day from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez.

At the southern terminal point in Valdez, the oil will be loaded into ocean-going tankers and shipped to the U.S. West Coast.

80° below zero

Working conditions along the route are almost without parallel in the history of the industry. 40-mile-an-hour winds and temperatures down to 80° below zero can reduce human work efficiency by 90 percent.

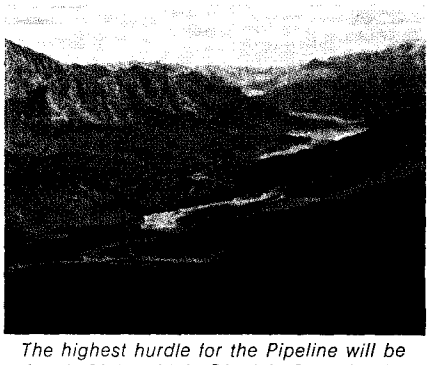
27 Empire State Buildings

It will take over three years and nearly $6 *billion* to build the Pipeline. This is the equivalent of what it would cost today to build 27 Empire State Buildings, or 3 Panama Canals.

Ownership of the Pipeline is held by eight companies, with Exxon Pipeline Co. having a 20 percent interest. These companies formed *Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.* to design and construct the Pipeline.

What's happening today

Right now, thousands of men and women are working on the Pipeline at many different camps spaced along the route. Employment will reach a peak of 15,000 workers at 29 camps.



The highest hurdle for the Pipeline will be the 4,500-foot-high Dietrich Pass in the Brooks Mountain Range.

The present schedule calls for the Pipeline operation to begin in the summer of 1977 at 600,000 barrels a day, with capacity of 1.2 million barrels a day shortly thereafter. Ultimately, the pipe may carry 2 million barrels a day. This important new source of oil will help America become more self-sufficient and less dependent on foreign oil.

For additional information on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, write: Exxon Corp., Dept. H, Box 1147, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

EXXON

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Letters From Readers

Role for Coal

Sidney Rolfe's article was a lucid analysis of the energy problem that confronts us ("Whatever Happened to Project Independence?" January 25).

As Mr. Rolfe said, choices must be made, priorities set, and the problem dealt with on a basis of near-term or interim steps, and then long-term solutions. His recommendation that, in the interim, our solution lies in the increased use of coal for generating electricity and for powering industry, is sound. Increased use of coal can reduce our oil requirements and the resulting dependence on foreign supply. . . .

However, Mr. Rolfe's statement that given present technology, coal cannot be used to heat homes, is questionable. It is true that the direct use of coal for this type of heating is obsolete, but the technology for heating homes with electricity . . . is available now and is being widely applied. The U.S. Department of Commerce reports that during the year 1973 more than 42 percent of all of the new single-family dwelling units constructed in the United States were heated with electricity. . . .

Increased coal production used to generate electricity can be substituted now for almost all energy applications, with the exception of certain types of transportation, and can substantially reduce our dependence on natural gas, which is in short supply, and on foreign oil. . . .

Paul W. Emler
New York, N.Y.

Surviving Socialism

Roland Gelatt's article ("Is Britain Dying?" February 8) should be thoughtfully read by Americans as presenting a course of events in Britain possibly analogous to those in America.

Our concepts of democratic government derive principally from the British. We have followed Britain into the industrial age. We have noted the growth of the labor-union movement in Britain during this century, and with a view to improving the status of the workers, we have extended more and more power to our own unions. This has produced a constantly rising wage scale, improved economic status for the workers, and growing political power for the unions. . . .

This formidable union power, too often obtained through expenditure of vast sums in elections and lobbying, is now becoming evident in Congress, where the interests of the unions are receiving priority over those of the nation, and the necessity for dedicated cooperation in meeting the country's problems is being submerged. Labor policies in both countries have tended to restrict output, the idea being to obtain maximum pay for minimum effort. . . .

If Britain is dying, if socialism induced by the labor government is sapping the national spirit and vitality that made her great, it is high time for America to perceive that fact.

Henry S. Turner
Roxbury, Conn.

Having myself just returned from 15 years' residence abroad, most of it spent in England, I was very much interested in reading Roland Gelatt's perspicacious article. While I heartily concur with almost everything he had to say, I felt nevertheless that he missed emphasizing one salient point—that England's malaise is in a great part due to the Socialist principles of the welfare state and the national attitudes they created.

If the Victorian inheritance makes the English crinkle their noses in distaste at the very notion of work, the welfare state has established a principle that they really don't have to work. It was argued, when nationalization of the industry was proposed, that it would end the endemic labor disputes, but, in fact, workers strike nationalized industries with even more abandon, because the government can simply print money to cover wage increases, no matter how insanely unrealistic they are. The English businessmen, who believe work is an affront to gentlemanly status, are certain the government will cover any mistakes they make, as the chairman of Aston Martin did recently, basing his claim that the production of those fine, wildly expensive sports cars was "an essential industry."

One comes to the conclusion that the English are firmly convinced that if they jumped off the Dover Cliffs, the welfare state would cushion the fall.

Not only can they not afford the welfare state, but it in itself has been the major cause of their downfall. The tax system that is needed to support it has stifled any incentive they might have had or chased the energetic out of the country, creating the so-called Brain Drain. . . .

The English experience should serve as a grave warning to our own country. We are toying with the same ideas, for all the best humanitarian reasons, but the result will inevitably be the same. . . .

Edward Andrew Mann
Beverly Hills, Calif.

"It's Spring. I overslept, and I'm afraid I'm going to be a little late."

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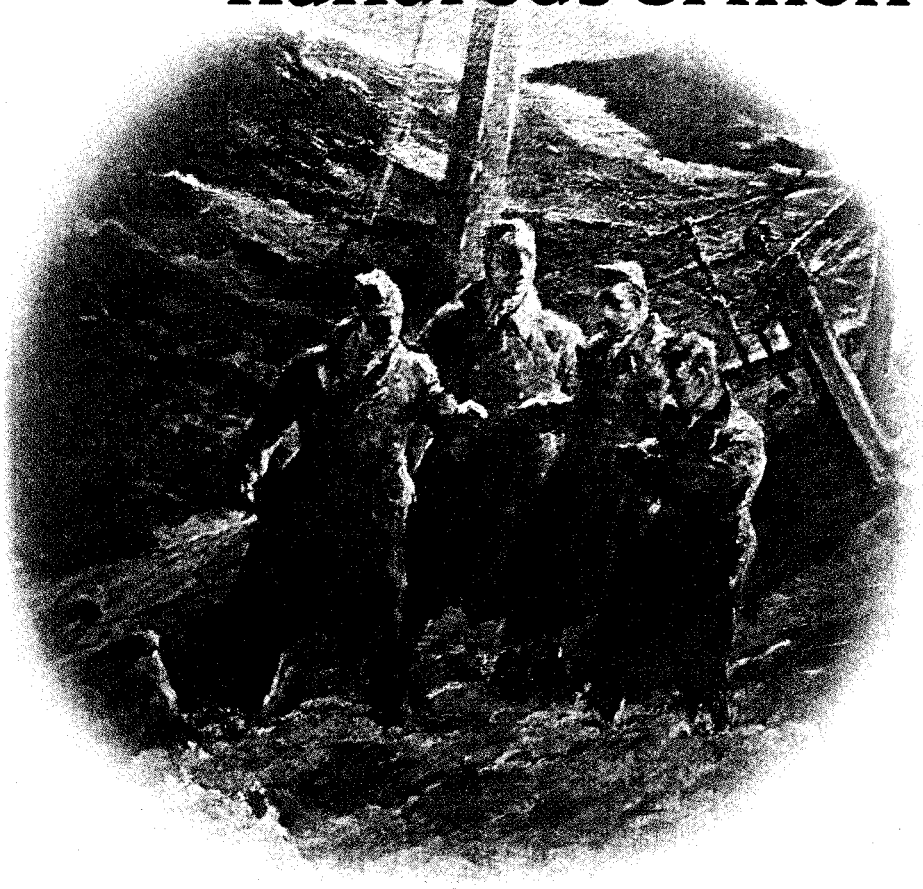
How 4 men of peace helped save hundreds of men at war.



The date was February 3, 1943.

The S.S. Dorchester, an old troopship, plowed through the frozen waters of the North Atlantic.

Suddenly, there was a thunderous roar. An enemy torpedo had hit its mark. Waves of water poured into the shattered hull.

As the ship began to sink, frightened men raced to the deck in wild confusion.

In a heroic attempt to save lives, four Army chaplains—two ministers, a priest and a rabbi, passed out life jackets and helped men into lifeboats.

With the boats full and every last jacket gone, each chaplain removed his own precious jacket and gave it to another man. Later, as the ship sank, men in the lifeboats could see the four chaplains, linked arm in arm, their voices raised in prayer.

This unforgettable story was put on a stamp. It's just one of the fascinating things you'll read about when you buy the new 1975 Stamps & Stories.

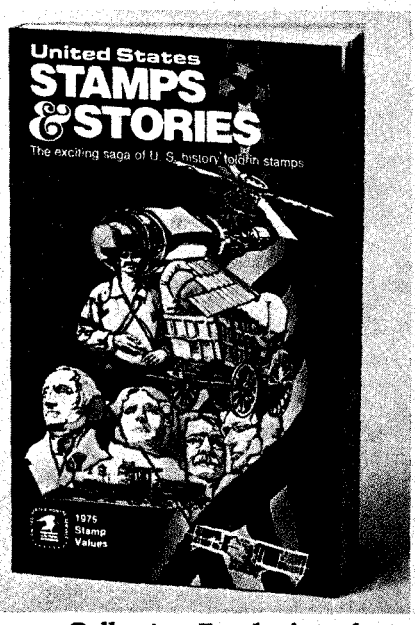
The Great Mosquito War.

Take the story of how the Panama Canal was built. Did you know that before our men could begin to cut it out of the earth they had to fight a war? It was against mosquitoes! The deadly carriers of yellow fever and malaria. It took 3 gruelling years of burning swamps before the dangerous pests could be brought under control.

The Topsy-Turvy Flags.

Then there's the strange story of the upside-down flags stamp. Issued in 1869, it wasn't until the 1930s that a New York stamp dealer visiting Portland, Oregon, finally discovered the topsy-turvy flags. Amazingly, the stamp had been in several collections before then, and hadn't even been given a ho-hum. Today, an uncancelled original is worth $37,500!

Stamps & Stories brings to life the fun of stamp collecting through America's history. With full-color reproductions of every American stamp, as well as the up-to-date value of each stamp. It costs $2.00 at your Post Office. A small price to pay for hours and hours of adventure and excitement.



Stamp Collecting. For the fun of it.
Your Postal Service
©1975, U.S. Postal Service

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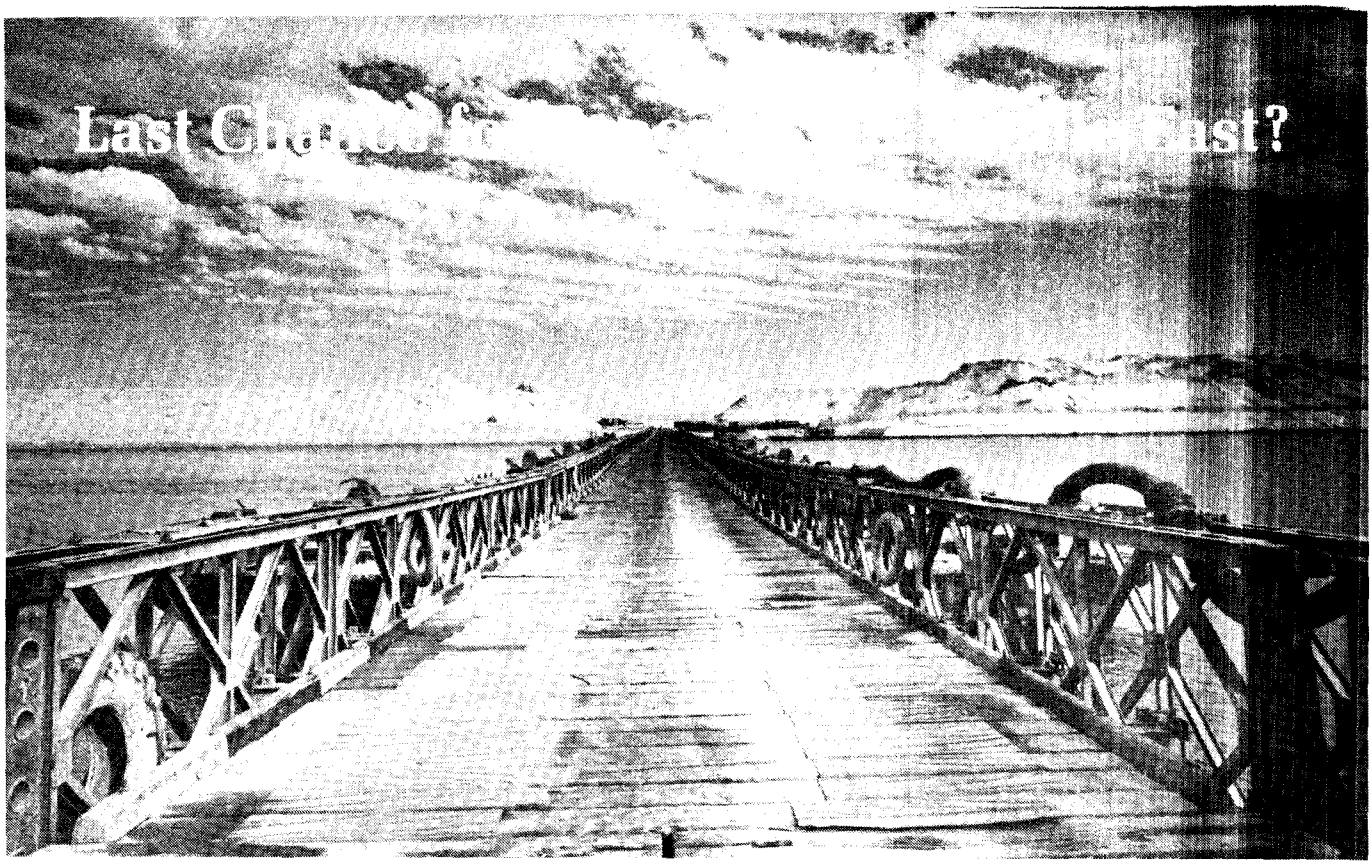

Allen Green: Gamma

Bridge over the Suez Canal—"A mood in which governments see no way of averting war creates a stage for a first strike."

Beyond all the complications, complexities, and frustrations, a workable design for peace is not beyond reach.

by Norman Cousins

This is the story of one man's quest for an understanding of the possibilities for peace in the Middle East. The odyssey begins in Cairo with an attempt to find out about the combination of circumstances that causes President Anwar Sadat to be more flexible in seeking peace with Israel than are most of the other Arab leaders. The story proceeds to Beirut, financial capital of the oil-rich Arab world, where I had a midnight visit with Yasir Arafat and debated the uses of terror. And, finally, Jerusalem, with an Israeli general talking about war and peace while tending his roses.

First, Egypt.

On the day we arrived in Cairo, the main route from the airport was festooned with banners heralding the visit of the Shah of Iran. Large billboard signs pictured the Shah and President Anwar Sadat as partners in peace. Iran is predominantly Moslem, but, unlike most of its neighbors, it is not an Arabic-speaking country, and it maintains relations with Israel. The Shah's visit to Sadat, who has a stance favoring a peaceful settlement with Israel, was generally interpreted as a meeting between two leading moderates. Both men were enthusiastically hailed by large crowds as the motorcade wound through the city, after which they left for Luxor in the south for their talks.

In espousing peace, President Sadat isn't confronted with an uphill battle to win over public opinion. The Egyptian people want a respite from foreign tensions and turmoil. They are confronted with critical food shortages. The transportation system is breaking down. Housing, a chronic problem, is getting worse. Unemployment is rising. President Sadat, in an effort to stop the downward economic spiral, has broken sharply with the policies of his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser. His priority is economic reconstruction. He has encouraged the private sector in the economy. A vast program of modernization is being carried out, symbolized most of all by Cairo's many new hotels, some of which are spectacular examples of the sculpted new look in architecture. President Sadat regards massive military spending as an obstacle to his program of upgrading the living conditions of the Egyptian people. He believes good relations with the West in general and the United States in particular should be an essential element in his quest for peace and a healthier society.

President Sadat's peace policy, however, is under pressure by most of the Arab world, which wants him to pursue a common policy toward Israel. What does such a "common policy" mean? Does it mean a return to provocative statements? Sadat has been careful not to call for the extermination of the state of Israel. He recognizes that such statements are unrealistic and irresponsible. Does a common policy mean that the return of the Sinai has to await the return of the Golan Heights, the satisfaction of the Palestinian demands, and a solution to the riddle of Jerusalem? Can Sadat afford to postpone a program for meeting his internal pressures until all the parts of a peace settlement fall into place?

Sadat is willing to extend full recognition to Israel in exchange for the return

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of the Sinai. If other Arab states are unwilling to do the same, what happens to the "common policy"?

Egypt today is caught up in a mammoth wave of Arab nationalism and feelings of solidarity. Feuds that have disfigured Arab history for almost 1,000 years have now been subordinated to new feelings of pro-Arab unity. A new sense of manifest destiny is returning to the Arab world. It is heady stuff; political leaders ignore it at their peril.

Of all the Egyptians with whom I spoke, probably no one better reflects Sadat's views than Mustafa Amin, editor of one of Egypt's leading newspapers, *Al Akhbar*. Mr. Amin and his twin brother were imprisoned by President Nasser for seven years on charges of having been secret agents of the American CIA. One of Sadat's first acts on coming to the Presidency was to free Amin and re-install him as editor of *Al Akhbar*. I confess to a warm spot in my heart for anyone who is restored to his paper, and so I called on Mr. Amin, a tall, heavy-set man with strong facial features. His manner was open and engaging. He began with an overview of the Middle East situation. He felt there is now a genuine opportunity for peace—perhaps the first real chance in more than a quarter-century for a durable peace settlement. But he also felt it might be the last chance for a genuine peace—at least in our lifetime.

He supported his first proposition by saying that an essential equilibrium for peace now exists. Before the October 1973 war, he said, almost the whole of the Arab world was caught up in the grossest feelings of self-doubt and self-disparagement. In contrast to Israelis, whom they thought invincible, Arabs had felt themselves to be fumblers and bumblers. They made jokes about their own ineptness. The October 1973 war produced a psychological revolution. Defeatist feelings were supplanted by feelings of self-respect and confidence in their ability to hold their own with the Israelis. The aggressive oil policies of the OPEC countries added to their newfound sense of power and importance.

The second factor in the new equilibrium, Mr. Amin said, is President Sadat's determination to create a situation of genuine political and economic stability. Thirty million of Egypt's 36 million people are living in conditions hardly better than exist in the squalid Palestinian refugee camps. Sadat must have peace in order to meet their needs. He sees a place for Israel in the total picture and is prepared to recognize Israel and give it access to the Suez Canal.

Mr. Amin proceeded to his second proposition—that the present situation offers the last chance for a real peace. He feared that most of the factors favoring settlement are perishable. Beyond a certain point the tensions and the frustrations could negate the various positive elements and could set the stage for a new outbreak.

My next stop was the American Embassy in Cairo. Ambassador Hermann F. Eilts has been a key figure in the negotiations between Secretary of State Kissinger and President Sadat. He reviewed for me some of the issues involved in a settlement between Egypt and Israel. Sequence is a problem. Egypt is willing to negotiate but wants the return of her land first. Israel doesn't want to give up the land unless it has a clear idea of what it would be getting in return.

The Sinai itself is of limited value—economically, militarily, politically—except in two respects. First, the mountain passes in the northwest have a certain strategic importance. Second, the oilfields in the southwest are useful to Israel in view of its own lack of petroleum. Israel doesn't want to destroy its negotiating position by returning the Sinai and then waiting for something to happen. And Sadat feels he has to have something tangible in his hand before giving Israel the recognition it seeks.

Secretary Kissinger's job, therefore, is to try to arrange the sequences. The Secretary wants to break down the problem into its sequential parts and then get the gears to mesh. Since Egypt is willing to give something of value once it gets back its territory and since Israel is willing to give up the land once it gets a design for a durable peace, shuttle diplomacy is necessary. If Kissinger can persuade either country to begin the process by yielding even a small part, then the other might respond and, little by little, a scaffolding might be erected strong enough to support a structure of peace.

I left the Embassy and walked down the avenue flanking the Nile River. This was my first visit to Cairo since Nasser's death. The atmosphere was strikingly different from what it had been less than a decade ago. Despite all the economic strains, symbolized by long lines of people waiting for buses in a condition of perpetual breakdown, Cairo seemed far less tense, far more resolved, certainly in much sharper focus than it did only a few years ago. The new skyline, with its spectacular new architecture, imparted an atmosphere not just of modernity but of stylistic strength.

"Anwar Sadat's high regard for, and trust in, Henry Kissinger is the most positive single ingredient in any mixture that might produce peace."

I TRIED TO SORT OUT my impressions of the various conversations in Cairo. In the light of all the complications and cross-complications, I could understand Kissinger's reservations about having all the parties come together at Geneva right now. Such a conference seemed more adapted to ratification than to negotiation. General principles had to be worked out first. There had to be a consensus on what Geneva was expected to achieve. I felt Kissinger was right in wanting to give more attention to the groundwork.

From the vantage point of Cairo, I had an enlarged respect for Henry Kissinger's strategy for peace in the Middle East. It seemed clear, too, that Anwar Sadat's high regard for, and trust in, Henry Kissinger is the most positive single ingredient in any mixture that might produce peace.

Such, at least, was the mood in which I left Egypt for my next stop, Lebanon.

II. Lebanon: Walking a Tightrope

BEIRUT today has all the style and eye appeal presented by the French Riviera cities. In addition to its flavor as a Mediterranean resort city, Beirut enjoys a natural setting of dramatic hills and mountains surrounding its basin-shaped harbor. From Beirut's sidewalk cafés, the glistening snowcaps of mountains are clearly visible a dozen miles away.

The city has become one of the money capitals of the world. A great deal of the money pouring into and out of the OPEC countries is banked in Beirut. Investment companies from all over the world are setting up shop.

Beirut points outward. It has deep in-

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terests in Europe and the United States. What happens in Washington, New York, Paris, and Rome is followed with as much interest as events in Beirut itself. The Super Bowl football game between Minnesota and Pittsburgh received hardly less attention in Beirut than it did in Minneapolis.

My first morning in Beirut I had breakfast at our hotel with Peter Iseman, 26, an American who has been studying Arabic language and culture. In reading newspapers and magazines from the United States, Peter was surprised at the unconscious racism reflected in U.S. editorial comment and magazine pieces. Emphasizing he had no intention of being abusive, he referred to the *Saturday Review*. Whether we realized it or not, we were using lazy stereotypes that smacked of racism, he said, in our attitude toward Arabs. If we wanted to depict an Arab in a cartoon, we would show someone with smoked glasses and a hooked nose. Conversation in some American intellectual circles tends to regard most Arabs as camel-drivers. One doesn't have to be contemptuous or racist toward the Arabs, he said, in order to believe in the existence of an independent Israel. He thought it significant that within Israel itself, especially in government circles, there is a noticeable absence of the kind of glib disparagement toward Arabs one finds so readily in the United States.

That night, I went to a dinner party arranged by the brother of Riad Tabbarah, whom I had met at the United Nations in New York. Bahige Tabbarah brought together about 18 to 20 academicians, editors, authors, government officers, and business leaders, at least half of whom were American-educated. At dinner I sat next to one of the editors, Clovis Maksoud, Harvard-educated and extraordinarily well informed about events in the United States. With great tact and eloquence he spoke about his feeling that the *Saturday Review* had departed from its traditional fairness and objectivity in dealing with the Arab-Israeli dispute. He wasn't quarreling with our right to take sides but felt that we at least should have been able to state the Arab position accurately and fairly. Like Peter Iseman, he thought we were relying on caricatures rather than factual material. He asked whether I would be willing to entertain a brief account of the total question as he and many of his friends saw it.

I encouraged him to proceed.

HE BEGAN WITH the Nazi abominations. The brutal policies of the Nazis, he said, produced a natural desire in Jewish people everywhere for a state of their own—one that would be a homeland for the refugees from Germany and all areas where Jews were persecuted or insecure. For understandable historical and religious reasons, many Jews looked to Palestine. Yet it was illogical and unjust, he said, to try to solve the problem of Jewish homelessness by creating even more homelessness for others. If the human and moral arguments used by Jewish people to build a homeland in Palestine had any validity, what about the human and moral position of the Palestinians today? Many of them left Palestine under panic or pressure. They have been homeless since. Here is a clear issue of conscience, Mr. Maksoud said, that has not been fully recognized and is hardly even discussed in the United States.

I thanked Mr. Maksoud for his exposition, presented with restraint and obvious goodwill, but said that it seemed to me his remarks did not really deal with the current situation. He was still back in 1947 or, which was worse, in 1922, debating the question of Israel's existence. Indeed, I feared it was this very position—the unwillingness to accept the fact that Israel was now established as a state—that was at the heart of the problem. So long as the dominant policy of any part of the Arab world was to reverse history and try to undo the decision of the United Nations that created the Israeli state, I did not see how there could be peace in the Middle East.

Clovis Maksoud said he feared my interpretation of his position was overdrawn. The question as he saw it is not primarily whether Israelis have a right to live but whether others have a right to live, too. Also, he was concerned about the problems that grow out of policies being pursued by the Israeli government today. Large numbers of Arabs genuinely feel that just as the creation of Israel has been carried out at their expense, so the present policies of the Israeli government are inimical to their existence. Another ongoing problem posed by Israeli policies concerns the Palestinians. Mr. Maksoud asked whether the world could ignore 1,500,000 human beings who are stateless.

I asked him whether he found it significant that even though the Israelis were in a position—both in 1967 and 1973—to push through militarily to total victory, they accepted the call for a cease-fire. Prime Minister Golda Meir never used the term *enemy* in referring to the Arabs; she insisted that they be regarded as *neighbors*. Many Arabs to whom I had spoken, however, almost instinctively applied the term *enemy* to Israelis. Wouldn't the easiest way for the Arab world to obtain the physical security it seeks be by accepting the fact of Israel as a nation?

Mr. Maksoud said he saw no reason why Arabs and Jews cannot live side by side—indeed, within the same country. The Palestinian Arabs believe that if Is-

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"Prime Minister Golda Meir never used the term 'enemy' in referring to the Arabs; she insisted that they be regarded as 'neighbors.'"

rael could itself accept the fact of a mixed state, one in which the Arabs need not feel subordinated to theocratic rule, the path to peace might be assured. There is much misunderstanding, he added, concerning the Palestinian refugees. In the first place, the Palestinians are not an uncultivated mass in stark contrast to the education-minded Jews. They have one of the highest literacy rates in the world. Like the Jewish people, they have a high proportion of professionals. They could make a constructive contribution to the Israeli nation, if allowed to do so in a state that is not committed to a single religion.

HE FELT that if I could visit and talk with Yasir Arafat I might be able to clarify some misconceptions about the objectives of the P.L.O. I told Mr. Maksoud I would like very much to have such a meeting, so long as my abhorrence of the terrorist activities of the P.L.O. was understood. Mr. Maksoud said I would not be barred from raising questions about terrorism, or anything else.

The next morning I received a telephone call from Mr. Maksoud, saying that the meeting with Mr. Arafat had been arranged for 8 that evening at Arafat's headquarters. Mr. Maksoud would be glad to escort me.

As matters developed, the meeting was put off for several hours. Word was received that Arafat had been delayed in the south. We waited at the Maksoud home, where a wedding-anniversary party in honor of the Maksouds was in progress.

The conversation over dinner concerned the position of Lebanon in the general configuration of Mideast politics. The government is not Moslem but predominantly Christian, as it has been since independence from France in 1920. Half-jokingly, someone said that the reason there has been no population census is that it would show more Moslems than are now proportionately represented in the government.

I had the impression, in listening to the conversation, that Lebanon today is walking a tightrope. It has no desire to become a battlefield. Geographically, it is wide open to attack from the land or the sea. It has tried to avoid any provocation that might trigger hostilities with Israel. Its relationship with Syria over the years has not been without tension and conflict. Finally, the presence on its soil of a half-million Palestinians has created serious internal political and economic pressures.

One of the guests, a professor of economics at the American University of Beirut, said that a major clash had in fact taken place between the Lebanese army and the Palestinians more than a year ago. The government became apprehensive when it learned the Palestinians were secretly being armed with weapons considerably more potent than handguns or rifles. It ordered the Palestinians to surrender the weapons or to move out. The Palestinians would do neither. The result was a nine-day war with hundreds of casualties. The war ended in a stalemate. The practical effect was that the Palestinians are still in Lebanon and are still armed.

Clovis Maksoud came over to our table to say he had just received word that Arafat had just arrived at his headquarters and was waiting for us. Before leaving, Maksoud took a generous slice from the anniversary cake for Yasir Arafat.

It was now close to midnight. We drove to the far side of Beirut. I learned that some months earlier Israeli commandos had broken into the headquarters and killed five persons, four of whom were in leadership posts. Arafat had not been there at the time. Since then, the headquarters have been changed from day to day.

On this particular night, the headquarters were located in a low-cost housing project still under construction. The streets were unlit. As we turned into the block, we had to be cleared at a checkpoint manned by armed guards. Nearby was an armored jeep with a mounted anti-aircraft gun of the new lightweight type.

Down the street, we were cleared by another armed guard at the entrance to one of the unfinished apartment-house units. We went upstairs to the small flat where Arafat had his headquarters. Men were moving in and out of the hallway, all of them armed with hand machine-guns. Arafat's room was unfurnished except for a tiny desk and several chairs. A full-page color cutout of Arafat from a newspaper was taped to the top of the desk. A bare light bulb at the end of a black electric cord hung from the unpainted ceiling.

Arafat, wearing a heavy winter army uniform, came into the room. He seemed weary; his eyes were reddened, and his voice was somewhat hoarse. He had a week's growth of beard. He removed the Russian-type furry army hat and put it on the desk. In his left arm was cradled a machine-gun of the kind carried by the men in the hallway. He sat down next to me, the machine-gun in his lap, where it remained for the whole of our meeting. For the most part he spoke in English but occasionally broke into Arabic. Maksoud translated..

Arafat began by apologizing for being so late, explaining he had been delayed by the retaliatory bombings in the south. Then he asked where I had been on this trip. I said I had just come from Cairo. This led him to say he believed President

Sadat was getting ready to abandon the Palestinians.

He described Sadat as a misguided moderate who is making the serious mistake of putting himself in the hands of Henry Kissinger. He predicted that Sadat would discover that Kissinger could not deliver and would soon find that Israel will not respond to moderation. The Israeli government, he said, is not strong enough politically to make the kind of peace with Egypt that Kissinger would like Israel to make. Arafat further doubted that the Israelis would give up any territory unless forced to do so. Their strategy is to sit tight and give up nothing. How is one to explain, he asked, that in 30 years they have made not a single gesture in the direction of the Palestinians? That is why, he said, the Palestinians are convinced they must be militant.

I asked if he is receiving substantial aid from the other Arab nations. In par-

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"He sat down next to me, the machine-gun in his lap, where it remained for the whole of our meeting."

ticular, is there any reflection of the newfound OPEC wealth in the amount of help being sent to him?

Hardly any, he replied.

I asked whether there were offers by other Arab countries to provide refuge and citizenship to the Palestinians.

He shook his head, then he moved the machine-gun to one side. He took a bite of the anniversary cake given him by Clovis Maksoud, carefully peeling off the icing before eating it. Not all Arabs are his friends, he said. He began to count on his fingers. Among the friends of the P.L.O. he ticked off Algeria, Libya, Tunis, Sudan, Somaliland, Syria, Kuwait, the two Yemens, and Mauritania.

Those who are not friends of the P.L.O. he identified as Egypt, Jordan, Qatar, Bahrain, the United Arab Emirates.

Chief among those neutral to the P.L.O. are Lebanon, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia.

But he is not embittered, he said. He felt that at long last things were coming his way. The world is beginning to listen; support is growing. A quarter-century of persistence and suffering is beginning to bear fruit.

I asked whether he didn't think world public opinion is being alienated by the terrorism.

He said he wished there were a better way than terrorism but one has to recognize that the P.L.O. is at war, fighting against overwhelming odds, and has to use whatever means are available.

I said I didn't see how it could help the cause of the Palestinians to shoot up innocent people in airports or planes or crowded theaters.

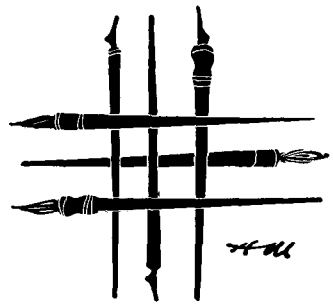
He said he agreed with me about the senselessness and brutality of the airport bombings. This is not his policy. After the Rome airport episode, for example, he ordered that the terrorists be captured. He said that three of the men had been executed.

Aren't all the terrorists under his command?

Unfortunately not, he said. Not all the Palestinians are subject to his authority. Things are done that he knows nothing about.

Our discussion moved on to a consideration of the place of terror in bringing about great political change. He said he doubted if Israel would have been successful in the establishment of the state were it not for the terrorism of the Stern Gang, the Irgun, and the Haganah.

He also said he doubted that he would have been invited to speak at the United Nations if it hadn't been for the sustained militancy of the P.L.O. When he looked around the General Assembly, he had seen many men who had been proponents of violence in their quest for in-



dependence. The American people won their independence through revolution. The Palestinians, he said, are trying to do the same.

I asked whether he didn't feel that there comes a time when terror has to give way to statesmanship. Isn't it possible that the habit of violence can be prolonged to the point where one loses the ability to do those things that can be done only without violence?

Again he munched on the cake after shearing off the icing.

He said he recognized that violence has to give way at some point to more rational means. He hopes such a time might be approaching soon. He agreed with me that he would have to meet the test of statesmanship. He is not bound to violence, he said; he can be flexible.

Did he define "flexibility" as an attempt to do the best that is possible under difficult circumstances? The P.L.O., in its public statements, has been talking about Israel's becoming a secular state in which the Palestinians would play a full part. Does it seem likely that Israel will be willing to try to absorb another million or more Arabs, in addition to the 500,000 Arabs who already live there, with the possible risk that Jews would become a minority in their own country? It doesn't seem reasonable to believe that Israel will subordinate what it regards as its main unifying force—its biblical history—in order to become a secular state. Aren't there other possibilities that might be acceptable to the P.L.O.?

. He said again he could be flexible. The P.L.O. would not turn down out of hand any serious offer that would give the Palestinians a state of their own.

Would he consider a Palestinian mini-state in the area west of the Jordan River?

Such a possibility would not be rejected automatically, he said.

One of the problems with a fully separate nation in that particular geographical configuration, I said, was historical in nature. It was an axiom in political science that states within a geographic unit must unite or fight. Considering the problems involved in being sandwiched between Jordan and Israel, couldn't federation with either Israel or Jordan make for a more workable future in a Palestinian state?

Federation is a possibility deserving consideration, he said.

Taking everything into account, then, wouldn't it seem more logical for such a state to be federated with Jordan than with Israel?

He said that if he wouldn't rule out federation with Israel under the proper conditions, he certainly wouldn't rule out federation with Jordan.

WE HAD BEEN TALKING for almost two hours. I stood up and apologized for having kept him so late. He bade me sit down again.

I looked over at Clovis Maksoud, whose expression said that Arafat really wanted to continue. This seemed to be a good time to satisfy my curiosity on Yasir Arafat's intellectual and historical underpinnings. I asked whether there have been any books or historical figures that had strongly influenced him.

No book in particular has pointed him in his present direction, he said. He has been shaped not so much by ideological or political doctrines as by the one great cause that has directed his entire life—the need to remedy the injustice done to the Palestinians. As for his heroes, the one man who stands out in history for him is Abraham Lincoln.

In a world where one is accustomed to hearing the names of Lenin and Marx and Mao invoked almost automatically as the dominant influences on the lives of contemporary political figures from the developing countries, it was interesting and compelling to be reminded that Lincoln—and early American history—has been a primary force.

My reflections along these lines were interrupted by staccato bursts of ma-

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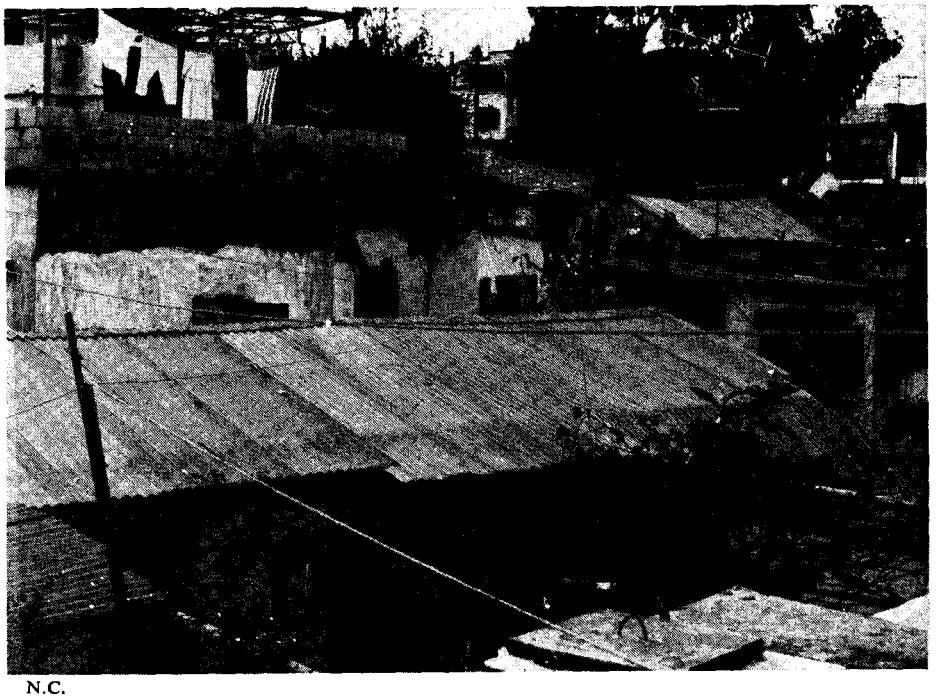

N.C.

P.L.O. refugee camp—"Inside the huts . . . sturdily furnished abodes."

chine-gun fire, from directly under the window.

Arafat grabbed his machine-gun, slapped on his hat, and motioned to us to follow. In the darkened hallway, he told us to stay put and then made for the stairs.

During the next few minutes, I seriously entertained the idea of returning to the bedroom "office" and sitting on a chair with the lights turned on. It occurred to me that I might be in a better position to initiate a conversation with any attackers if I sat in a lighted room than if I tried to be unobtrusive in a darkened hallway.

Clovis Maksoud thought we might be better off where we were.

After about five minutes, Yasir Arafat returned and apologized for the disturbance. He didn't attempt to explain what the shooting was about. He said he would be willing to continue our conversation but felt, under the circumstances and considering the hour, that I might prefer to go to bed.

THE MAIN QUESTION I put to Clovis Maksoud on the way home was how, if Yasir Arafat is unable to control terrorism by the Palestinian factions, he can represent them in any negotiations leading to a settlement.

Maksoud said Arafat's biggest problem is to hold together the six or more factions among the Palestinians, including the branches of the P.L.O. in Syria. He is under severe pressure by the extreme left-wing faction, some of the leaders of which are calling for the total destruction of Israel.

What is most significant about Arafat, Maksoud said, is that he is probably the only man in the P.L.O. today who has enough popular support from all factions to enable the movement to cohere to the extent necessary for advancing toward a settlement. Certainly, the extremist P.L.O. faction led by George Habash has no interest in a negotiated peace.

We drove along in silence for a while. Then I said I hoped that events at the end of his wedding-anniversary day didn't upset his celebration of the occasion. In return he said he hoped the events of the evening would not interfere with my sleep. I admitted I had some things to think about.

THE NEXT MORNING I visited the largest P.L.O. refugee camp in the vicinity of Beirut. Our driver was a Palestinian in his early 40s. He was red-haired and pink-cheeked and looked more like a member of the I.R.A. than the P.L.O. He had been living with his family in Jerusalem in 1948 and was 17 years old when he was arrested and informed that he had to leave the country.

Was his family still in Jerusalem?

He said yes.

Did they still have their home? Were they suffering hardships?

He said they were still in Jerusalem and, so far as he knew, were in good condition.

The Palestine refugee camp on the edge of Beirut, like most of the 26 other refugee settlements in Lebanon, has existed in the same general form for more than a quarter-century. From the outside, it has the typical squalid appearance of the makeshift settlements seen in Puerto Rico, India, Bangladesh, and every other place where human beings are huddled together in a cramped space under conditions of poverty. When we walked through this particular camp, the first thing that registered on my consciousness was the open sewers in the passageways between the huts.

Then came the contrasts. Atop the corrugated tin roofs were the television aerials—hundreds of them. And when we looked inside the huts, we saw immaculate and sturdily furnished abodes with colorful touches—vases filled with fresh flowers, embroidered table coverings, Oriental rugs.

We were invited by one of the Palestinians and his wife to come in for tea. The hut had been reinforced and rebuilt. It had cement walls and floorings. Family pictures hung on the walls. A spotlessly clean rug contributed to a pleasant atmosphere. The living room in which we sat was no larger than perhaps 8 by 10 feet. The adjoining bedroom and kitchen were even smaller. But the total effect was a tribute to the ability of the man and his wife to make the most of meager circumstances. He was in his mid-50s. Like many other residents of the camps, he had been able to find work in the surrounding Lebanese community. He was neatly dressed and clean-shaven, as was his 23-year-old son, who had a job at the camp as a sort of policeman.

I learned that the Palestinian camps enjoy an extra-territorial status to a large degree. The Palestinians have their own internal laws and courts. They are subject to Lebanese law for crimes involving Lebanese citizens. They do not possess Lebanese citizenship. They have their own doctors and hospital facilities, however crude by Western standards. They operate their own schools and other community services.

It was at this camp that the violent battle between the Lebanese army and the Palestinians had taken place a year earlier. Since then, the P.L.O. has existed as something of a government within a government.

On the drive back from the P.L.O. camp, we passed another refugee camp,

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similar in appearance to the one we had just seen. This camp, however, was occupied by Lebanese whose homes had been destroyed by the air bombings in the south. Some 3,000 Lebanese live in this camp. The expectation is that the government will rebuild their homes once a peace settlement is achieved.

MY FINAL visit in Beirut was to the home of Charles H. Malik, generally regarded as Lebanon's greatest living elder statesman. Dr. Malik is a former president of the United Nations General Assembly. He is a historian and philosopher, and at present is dean of the Graduate School at the American University of Beirut.

Dr. Malik lives on a high hill overlooking the city and the harbor, an appropriate setting for an Olympian. His face, lean and craggy, seems as though it were carved out of granite. Physically, he has the build of a marathon runner. He told me that he climbs the hills every morning.

Charles Malik: "The main essential for peace—indeed, the quintessential—is the need for the Arab world to accept Israel's existence."

I put three questions to Dr. Malik:

(1) How does he assess the chances for peace in the present situation?

(2) What does he see as the essentials of a durable peace?

(3) How can these essentials be translated into a program for peace?

Dr. Malik began his reply by saying he is apprehensive, even alarmed, about the present situation, but hopes he is a poor prophet.

Proceeding to the second question, he said he could speak here with considerable conviction. The main essential for peace—indeed, the quintessential—is the need for the Arab world to accept Israel's existence. He felt that this is the ultimate issue. Unless and until the Arab peoples have a genuine change of heart on this question, the Middle East will be vibrated from one crisis to the next. He repeated "change of heart" in order to emphasize his belief that what is required is not just a temporary accommodation or an expedient political maneuver, but a genuine acceptance of Israel as a state. Moreover, the Arabs must learn not just to accept the fact of Israel but to comprehend the possible advantages of a design for mutual existence.

Second, if such recognition can become a reality, Israel must be prepared to pay a steep price. What kind of price? To begin with, Israel must return the entire Sinai. Giving up the Sinai's mountain passes represents a risk. But even greater risks will result from the absence of genuine peace. In any event, the issues between Egypt and Israel are clearly negotiable in Dr. Malik's view. Certainly, they are not nearly so complex as the problems of Jerusalem, the Golan Heights, and the Palestinians.

Concerning Jerusalem, Dr. Malik felt that the sensitivities of each of the religions are at the core of the issue. As for the political complexion of Jerusalem, nothing has happened in the past quarter-century to change Dr. Malik's view that internationalization offers the most functional and least fragile of any of the various proposals for a solution.

Dr. Malik said it would be unreasonable to expect Israel to give up the Golan Heights without adequate guarantees that it would not be used for military purposes. The vulnerability of the surrounding Israeli countryside to gun emplacements makes it essential to assure demilitarization.

Taking all these circumstances into account, Dr. Malik feels that, as in the case of Jerusalem, internationalization of the Golan Heights offers the best chance. This is, he conceded, an imperfect, even troublesome answer.

Dr. Malik drew a deep breath, stood up, and said he had left the most difficult problem for last. The Palestinians. Over the years, he said, some people made the mistake of thinking the Palestinian question would recede with the passing of time. Not so. If anything, passions have been deepening. People have sustained themselves in the refugee camps all this time only because they were determined to right what they consider a great wrong. Yet, he said, what makes the problem so poignant and baffling is that, after 28 years, the Israelis cannot be expected either to move out of their homes or to give up their state, which is what would be required to satisfy the most extreme of the Palestinian demands.

Could human reason find a way out of this impasse? To the extent that it could, it might be in the direction of a separate Palestinian state carved out of the fertile area contiguous to Jordan. Some integral relationship between the new state and either Jordan or Israel would probably have to be devised.

Dr. Malik sat back in his chair, smiled, and remarked how easy it was, from the vantage point of a living room sofa, to solve all the problems of the world. Then his face turned grave again, and he said that perhaps the greatest problem in contemporary society is that people are allowing themselves to be defeated by complexity. We have no choice except to work unremittingly and tirelessly for a solution. The entire world, and not just the Middle East, will be caught up in a holocaust if human intelligence and the sense of justice are inadequate to this problem.

It was getting late. We got up to leave. Dr. Malik escorted us to our car. The lights being turned on in the sprawling city below made Beirut look like a sparkling tapestry.

On the drive back to the hotel, I thought about Charles Malik and his ideas. To the extent that human intelligence and a highly developed sense of justice are requisites for an enduring settlement in the Middle East, Charles Malik would be an ideal peace-maker. If some way could be found to persuade both sides to delegate their vital interests to this man, thousands of lives might be saved.

III. Israel: Distrust Runs Deep

ISRAEL WAS MY final stop. How does one characterize an entire people? Condorcet, Burke, and de Tocqueville all recognized the hazards of assigning definable traits to national agglomerations but felt, nonetheless, that people inside a collective entity tend to respond to common historical, environmental, and cultural influences. How have the Israelis been shaped by a succession of crises that tested not only their political and religious convictions but also their physical stamina on the level of stark survival?

Despite its unity of national purpose, Israel is one of the most pluralistic societies in the world. The diversity is reflected not just in backgrounds but in ideas and outlooks. Few governments in the world receive more variegated, insistent, and original advice from their citizens than does Israel. Yet underneath all the political nudging and pushing is a slow and

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steady heartbeat. There is a manifest sense of danger but no sense of panic. The surrounding pressures register fully on the individual and the collective consciousness, but they produce no confusion or despair.

Yet to understand the pluralist nature of its society is to understand the critical point at issue between Israel and its Arab neighbors. Israel views itself as a nation of displaced persons, a "displaced nation," so to speak, surrounded by an Arab brotherhood whose determination to drive them into the sea remains unremitting.

For Israel, it has been a fight for national survival from the very beginning. Israel sees its participation in the Six-Day and Yom Kippur wars as variations on this same recurring theme of national survival.

Thus, Israel remains skeptical of anything less than full recognition of its sovereignty before giving up one inch of captured territory. Distrust runs deep. It feels that words, truces, internationally sanctioned guarantees, interim settlements, mean little in the long term without a working guarantee of national recognition by the Arab world.

N.C.

Old wall in Jerusalem—Is internationalization of the city the best solution?

FEW NATIONS TODAY impose as much austerity on their citizens as does Israel. Taxes on gasoline, automobiles, telephones, tobacco, liquor, entertainment, electricity, and incomes make the proposed taxes in the United States seem like small change. I heard a great many complaints about government policy but not a single complaint about taxes or austerity in general.

The mood is somber but resolute. World events in recent months have given the Israelis a feeling of grim isolation. There is a sense that a large part of the rest of the world would just as soon hand over the state of Israel to the Arabs in return for oil favors. Many Israelis feel they have been thrown all the way back to the time when they had to argue the case for their existence. Often, during my visit, my mind turned to the famous cartoon by David Low in the London *Evening Standard* shortly after the fall of France in the Second World War. The cartoon showed a single British soldier standing on the bluffs of Dover and shaking a fist at a cloud of enemy planes. The caption said simply, "Very well, alone."

Of course, Israel is not completely alone. The military aid it has been receiving from the United States has kept it going. Neutral military observers believe Israel has the best-trained and -equipped army in the Middle East and is capable of taking on three or four adversaries simultaneously, so long as the surprise factor in any attack is not critical.

ONE OF MY MAIN PURPOSES in going to Israel was to visit the University of Haifa, with its Center for Arab-Jewish Studies. It is one of the few places in the world where sustained dialogue is being carried on between Arabs and Jews. Arab professors at the center not only participate in research on conflict-resolution but also share in the responsibility for designing and supervising the educational program for Israel's Arabs.

The automobile trip from Jerusalem to Haifa is about 65 miles. Fifteen years ago, when I drove down the same route, I was struck by the rocky desolation of the surrounding countryside. This time, the road was a canyon cut through a forest of young pine trees. Wherever we drove, in fact, the presence of trees and verdant fields was in striking contrast to the brown emptiness of a decade or more ago.

We arrived a little early at the University of Haifa and took advantage of the extra half-hour to visit with students in the cafeteria and the student lounges. One of the students told us she felt that the shock of the Yom Kippur War had not yet worn off. Before October 1973, she said, the 500 Arab students* displayed very little self-consciousness. They were part of the university community, just like everyone else, and no one ever thought to wonder whether a person was Arab or Jewish.

But something happened as a result of the Yom Kippur War. The Arab students, she said, began to keep to themselves. It wasn't that they sided against Israel. There was no violence or even vandalism, no partisan signs or graffiti. Indeed, throughout the entire country during the war, there wasn't a single case of looting or sabotage by any of Israel's 500,000 Arabs, some of whom lined up to give blood for wounded Israeli soldiers. The change that took place was a psychological one. The basic loyalty of the Arab students to Israel is unchanged, but there seems to be a response to a deep atavistic stirring. The result is

* Total number of students at the university: 5,000.

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that many of them are in a spiritual and emotional limbo.

All this makes her very sad, the student said. She hoped some way might be found to restore the old relationships.

Later, I discussed the matter with Arab professors at the university. They recognize the fact of a new mood in the past year and a half but feel that it is well within the normal margins of a pluralistic society.

The president of Haifa University is Eliezer Rafaeli, a hearty, ruddy-faced man who unabashedly seeks greatness for his school. He has accomplished much already in building a striking physical plant for the university and in creating a *modus vivendi* for Arab and Jewish students, but he feels he is still pioneering and is determined to create an academy of world stature. He sees the university as a prototype for Jewish-Arab commonality in creating a peaceful Middle East. He wants to broaden the research of the center in order to create a model for the economic and social development of this area with a common market and functional pluralism.

Dr. Rafaeli said that the purpose of the university, of which the Center for Arab-Jewish Studies is an integral part, is not just to teach Arabs to understand Jews but to teach Jews to understand Arabs. Accordingly, Arab history and culture are important parts of the curriculum.

Israel's big need, Dr. Rafaeli said, was for time. Time to build mutual respect and goodwill. Time to develop and to demonstrate the possibility of joint approaches to what are, after all, common needs and prospects.

I thought of H. G. Wells's comment that the world is in a race between education and catastrophe. Did Dr. Rafaeli believe there was any prospect that there would be enough time? He said he had no way of knowing, and he doubted whether anyone else did, but this did not stop him from working as hard as he could to develop his program at the university. Maybe, he said, this is a way of winning time.

I HAD MANY CONVERSATIONS in Israel—with people in government, communications, education, business, science. The most representative of these talks were with Aharon Yariv, Minister of Information (since resigned), and Itzhak Navon, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and Defense of the Knesset (Parliament). Perhaps the best way of reporting on these two meetings is through a series of questions and answers:

Q. Under what circumstances would Israel return the occupied territories?

A. Israel is prepared to give up virtually all the captured land in return for genuine recognition and adequate assurances of non-belligerence. Aharon Yariv tried to define what was meant by a "genuine peace." He said the Arabic language has two words for peace: *sulh* and *salaam*. *Sulh* means the end of hostilities or a truce. *Salaam* means an enduring peaceful relationship based on mutual respect. The Israelis reject the peace of *sulh* and seek the peace of *salaam*.

Q. Would Israel accept an internationalized peace force to guarantee and patrol the borders?

A. Border patrols run counter to what true peace requires; namely, open borders, full exchange of goods and ideas and people, mutual undertakings. *Sulh* calls for border patrols; *salaam* calls for the conditions that make border patrols unnecessary. We prefer *salaam*.

Q. Would Israel agree to an arrangement under which the holy places would enjoy, in effect, extra-territoriality with assured access by each religion to each place from the outside, and from each place to the other?

A. Any plan based on the full sensitivities of the different religions and acceptable to all of them would find Israel most responsive.

Q. Is there any possibility that Israel would agree to a separate state for the Palestinians, perhaps on the West Bank? What other measures can be taken in behalf of the Palestinians?

A. Some questions here of viability cannot be disregarded. If an agreement could be worked out between a Palestinian state and Jordan, perhaps along the lines of a federation or a confederation, the general situation of a separate state for the Palestinians on the West Bank might be better for all concerned. In any peace settlement, compensation to the Palestinians for their homes and property would be a reasonable expectation. Israel would also expect to raise the question of compensation for the lost properties of the Jews who fled to Israel from the Arab countries.

Q. How does Israel react to Mr. Kissinger's step-by-step approach?

A. Some parts of the problem require a step-by-step approach. But the total situation could fall apart if some steps are less solid than others. We welcome Mr. Kissinger's initiatives. There is no alternative.

I HAVE SAVED for last the conversation with General Abraham Yoffa, hero of the Sharm el-Sheikh campaign. General Yoffa lives in a Tel Aviv suburb in a small one-family house with a flower garden in front. The general is a large, good-humored man who resembles in voice and manner the old-time actor Victor McLaglen. He is blunt but not unkind.

The general is regarded as Israel's leading environmentalist. He keeps prodding the government on environmental matters, all the way from air pollution to reforestation. He has created an animal sanctuary in the south of Israel that he hopes at some time will become one of the best of its kind.

I asked the general for his views on the prospects for peace.

He sniffed his delicately wrought roses in a manner reminiscent of Ferdinand the Bull. Then he said he was damned tired of war and wanted to spend more time with his flowers and animals. But if other people are unwilling to let him have peace, he would have to crank up all over again and get back to the battlefield—with the hope that the next time would be the last.

If an Israeli general wanted to be bitter, he said, it wouldn't be difficult. The world is willing to let Israel lose the war, but it isn't willing to let Israel win. When Egypt and Syria launched their surprise attack in 1973 and the Israeli army was in costly retreat, where was the United Nations? Where were the cries for a cease-fire? But when the Israelis were finally able to regroup and then proceeded to destroy the forces of the attackers, suddenly there erupted all sorts of urgent demands for a cease-fire. He said some of his friends in the Israeli military felt strongly that the authority to order a cease-fire should be tied to the authority to order a just peace. Was the United Nations ready to design a lasting peace to go along with the cease-fire?

The general bent over again and

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N.C.
General Yoffa, hero of Sharm el-Sheikh campaign—"Damned tired of war."

sniffed a tiny rose. He said he had trained a lot of young men who had lost their lives the last time around, and it didn't make him feel any better to know that they had done a lot of killing before they died themselves. He knew that if a new round of killing should start, it would be terrible for the entire world.

Everyone could agree, I said, that the responsibility for peace-making extends beyond the Middle East. But that is precisely the tragedy. The world has yet to organize itself for making a just peace. The weapons for shattering the entire globe have been devised, but the nations have not yet devised a way of holding the world together. We are allowing ourselves to be preoccupied with the parts and not with the whole. How can there be justice either for the Israelis or for the Arabs without institutions that can make justice possible?

Maybe that is the heart of the problem, I said. Maybe we are all living in a highly primitive condition of human society, projecting the habits of the cave onto our collective selves—which we proceed to call nations. By regarding the nation as the highest value, aren't we creating a condition for cheapening human life? Maybe we are going about peace-making all wrong. Maybe we ought to be thinking about the need to stitch all nations together under a system of workable law. We might have a chance that way.

The general handed me a rose. He said he knew about my world-federalist beliefs and obsessions and wished me all the luck in the world. He said he would be glad to join the cause and hoped the generals on the other side would do the same. Meanwhile, he had to attend to the business of survival.

* * *

WHAT DID I LEARN from this visit to the Middle East?

First, the danger that war will break out again is directly related to the fact that so many people think it is inevitable. A mood in which governments see no way of averting war creates a stage for a first strike.

Second, the closer one gets to the action, the greater is the respect for Henry Kissinger. So long as the adversaries themselves look to Kissinger to help effect a peaceful settlement, hope can be juxtaposed against inevitability. It is all too easy to disparage Henry Kissinger as an international busybody who has an inflated idea of his role as world peacemaker. Such cynicism is cheap and badly misplaced. Considering the tragic inability of the United Nations to create a basis for peace in the area, Americans are lucky to have a Secretary of State who is determined to use all the prestige of his office and all his personal ingenuity and persuasiveness to try to save the peace. Peace in the Middle East—or anywhere else—will not be made by carpers and cynics but only by those who think peace is possible.

Third, Charles Malik of Lebanon was right when he said true peace will be achieved only if the Arab world gives up the idea of expunging Israel and accepts its ongoing existence as a sovereign Jewish state.

Fourth, given a situation of genuine peace, the development of the Middle East as a common market could contribute powerfully to the economic health of the entire region.

Fifth, the "step-by-step" approach to peace, if it is to work, must not be confined to withdrawal of armed forces. It must begin with a moratorium on fulminations and dissemination of hate materials, whether in schools or at the United Nations. A related positive step toward peace would be the opening of Arab borders to Israel.

Sixth, the Arab world today is caught up in cross-currents of moods and political and historical forces. The new surge of Arab consciousness and sense of popular unity has obscured but not obliterated the historic frictions and tensions among the Arab states. Severe factionalism exists within almost all the Arab groupings, including the P.L.O.

"Peace in the Middle East—or anywhere else—will not be made by carpers and cynics but only by those who think peace is possible."

Another powerful tide is the radicalization of the Arab world, especially among the young people. How this radicalization will interact with the new concentration of wealth in the oil-rich countries may make for one of the most interesting juxtapositions in recent history.

Seventh, denunciation or retaliation is not an adequate response to the terrorist activities of the P.L.O. Nor will it be enough to call attention to the moral failure of the Arab world in caring for the Palestinian refugees. What is needed is a comprehensive and dramatic plan that combines a homeland for the Palestinians and an organic relationship with either Israel or Jordan in order to make the new state viable. Compensation for lost homes should be a key feature of the plan, as should compensation to Jews who lost their homes in Arab countries.

Eighth, the Soviet Union could make a powerful contribution to the prospects for a peaceful settlement in the Middle East through its own recognition of Israel.

Ninth, the inability of the United Nations to create a basis for lasting peace in the Middle East, quite apart from its effectiveness in bringing about and patrolling a cease-fire, raises profound questions about the future of the U.N. In the minds of the world's peoples, the U.N. was created primarily to make and keep peace with justice. No matter what else the U.N. does, if it fails in this respect, its own claim on survival may be limited.

Thirty years after the founding of the U.N., the cause of peace not only in the Middle East but in the world cries out for an organization capable of administering law and justice on a global level. The longer we delay in facing up to this necessity, the closer we get to the ultimate default of sense and sanity. □

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Seals in the Bedroom

Thurber: A Biography
by Burton Bernstein
Dodd, Mead, 532 pp., $15

Reviewed by Maurice Dolbier

Remembering evening parties, sometimes exhilarating, sometimes excruciating, at the Thurbers' in Cornwall, Conn., Mark Van Doren said of his host: "He was an extraordinary man . . . with so many quick changes: gentle and fierce, fascinating and boring, sophisticated and boorish, kind and cruel, broad-minded and parochial. You can't explain Thurber."

To Burton Bernstein's credit, he doesn't try to. In this lengthy biography—"authorized, if not approved" (Helen Thurber felt that the work had turned out too negative)—Bernstein lets the facts of Thurber's life speak for themselves, though the facts are accompanied by a counterpoint of Thurber's own commentary on them in his writings, published and private. Oh, there are some hints, some guesses—it goes with the territory—but on the whole *Thurber* is a model of straightforward, self-effacing, and thoroughly researched biography—the life and hard times (harder than his readers could have guessed) of twentieth-century America's greatest fabulist, illustrator, and humorist.

The hard times began early in that life—in 1901, when Thurber was seven. An arrow accidentally discharged by his brother William while the boys were playing a backyard game struck James in the left eye. Delay in getting him to a doctor and the doctor's decision not to remove the eye immediately resulted in the spreading of poisons to the right eye, a condition that grew worse and led to Thurber's almost total blindness in his later years.

The accident occurred in Falls Church, Va., at a time when Thurber's father's generally ill-starred political interests had brought him to the heights of a congressional clerkship in Washington. Two years later the family was back in its hometown, Columbus, Ohio, and it seemed that its members might always stay there, with neither the inclination, the ambition, nor the money to move on.

Thurber went to East High School, where he was the teachers' pet, and to Ohio State, where he wasn't, but where there were compensations: fraternities, editorship of the humor-and-literary magazine, and a friendship with fellow student Elliott Nugent that was later to furnish the American theater with a comedy masterpiece called *The Male Animal*.

Ineligible for combat duty in what we used to call the Great War, but patriotically eager to do his bit, Thurber trained as a code clerk in Washington and was sent to Europe shortly before the Armistice. Experiences in post-war Paris broke the shell of romantic idealism and provincialism, but no worldling emerged. Back he came to the slowly ticking clocks of Columbus.

JOURNALISM WAS HIS JOB, amateur theatricals his avocation. He wrote for the Columbus *Dispatch*—first as a general-assignment reporter, then on the city hall beat, and later as conductor of a Sunday column called "Credos and Curios"; he wrote shows for the O.S.U. Scarlet Mask Club. Nothing—except perhaps the title of his column—gave much indication that any distinguished literary career lay ahead—beyond, that is, the bounds of Columbus. In the column Mr. Bernstein finds revelations of "the gnawing contradictions at work in Thurber's busy mind"—a description that can't be faulted—but the almost-30-year-old author of "Oh My, Omar" and the lyrics of "Many Moons" ("We think we know the proper way to make the country bright and gay/ We'll give the Bolsheviks the razzmatazz/ And this is what we'll say. . . .") seemed to have made little more than a minimal literary advance over the high-school-senior author of "The Third Bullet":

> "No," answered Harding, "I won't kill you in cold blood. Don't judge others by your own low standards, Sherring. I always play fair . . . tho' it goes hard when you are dealing with a cur like you."

(Though Thurber, a compulsive saver and an embroiderer of threads from the past, made a classic of a later "Many Moons" and in the Thirties gave the razzmatazz to America's proletarian novelists.)

Along came Althea Adams, and Thurber married her. It was not the most felicitous plighting of troths, but it had two fortunate results. In the long run, it inspired Thurber's war-between-the-sexes theme in words and drawings; in the short run, the ambitious Althea got her husband out of Columbus.

The first break was brief. Free-lancing from a cottage in the Adirondacks was unprofitable (though he made his first short-story sale—to the Kansas City *Star*), and they returned to Ohio. The next getaway was to France, where he wrote for the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*, and where a spell of helping get out a special Riviera edition was, his biographer says, "the only truly carefree, benign period of his life." Monetary and marital difficulties brought an end to this idyll, and Thurber came alone to New York.

All else was prologue; the road-show tryouts were over, and it was time to open in the only place that counted—as far as fame was concerned. Thurber was a hit, and in for a long run.

He was first hired by Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* as an editor, a mistake that Ross soon remedied: "I thought you were an editor, goddamn it, but I guess you're a writer, so write. Maybe you have something to say." The chance to say it and the place to say it (along with

Maurice Dolbier is the literary editor of Providence Journal *and the author of several novels, including* The Mortal Gods *and* Benjy Boone.

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Thurber drawing in air—"Inherited eccentricity; frustrations and pride."

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other compensations) were Ross's gifts to Thurber; the way Thurber said it owed much to a fellow worker at the magazine, Elwyn Brooks White, a kind of stylistic Merlin to Thurber's Arthur. (It was also White who persisted in encouraging Thurber as an artist and, despite setbacks, in encouraging *The New Yorker* to buy those doodle-drawings of odd seals, hounds, and people.) This book makes the White influence clearly evident. The letters and other writings of Thurber's younger years that Mr. Bernstein almost too generously includes are frequently dull, skippable, and sophomoric in style and content; but at the midway point the change seems suddenly to occur, and Thurber becomes one of the most elegant and crisp prose stylists of our time. The hitherto-unpublished Thurber letters that Bernstein gives us in this section of his book are found gold (better than that, considering gold's present state).

In New York, too, he met Helen Wismer, who would become the second Mrs. Thurber, whom he would describe, as the world darkened around him, as his "seeing-eye wife," and whose strength and patience and love would be put to formidable testing in the years of their marriage, but would endure, though sometimes shaken.

"New York life gets everybody," Thurber once wrote to White (who had moved to Maine). "God knows it got me. . . . I can see that tall, wild-eyed son of a bitch, with hair in his eyes, and a glass in his hand, screaming and vilifying. . . . I know that I will never let him get on the loose again. I also know that a steady life in New York would do it." The first item of knowledge proved false. Thurber as SOB got on the loose again, even in such seemingly safe havens as quiet Cornwall, where he was surrounded by friends. But the New York life—the scarring competitiveness, the drinking, the affairs that begin casually and end desperately—had worked on Thurber as it has worked on so many of his fellow writers. He was promising material for ruination, for, besides the puritan-cavalier contradictions in his makeup, there was inherited eccentricity, the frustrations and pride of a man nearly blind but famous. The last years were tragic—operations, diseases, breakdowns, quarrels with old friends, a loss of humor and logic, and, at the end, a brain tumor, pneumonia, a blood clot on the lung. In January of 1961, he had written (but not sent) a letter to Ernest Hemingway, in which he described a dream—"You and I were walking toward a sunset and suddenly the sun began to rise." Before the year was out, the sun had set on both men's lives. In their work the sun still rises.

Is THIS BOOK overly negative in effect? Not as a biography. Bernstein faithfully documents the despairs and distresses, but also the brightness, the wit, the joys, the good fights that Thurber fought, and I think the reader will remember, as Thurber's friend Marc Simont did, "the good times, . . . [Thurber] holding forth and making us laugh and feel good." The critical commentary is, I think, often more negative than need be, especially as it is applied to some of Thurber's later works. *Lanterns and Lances,* for instance, which came out in a "nightmare year," draws from Bernstein such comments as "tedious carping," "invention deserted him," "cavilling," "the book is his worst." Well, I didn't think so when I read it, and I don't find it so now on rereading it, and the fact that *The New Yorker* rejected a lot of the pieces doesn't convince me they're tedious and unworthy or the products of a creatively impotent mind. □

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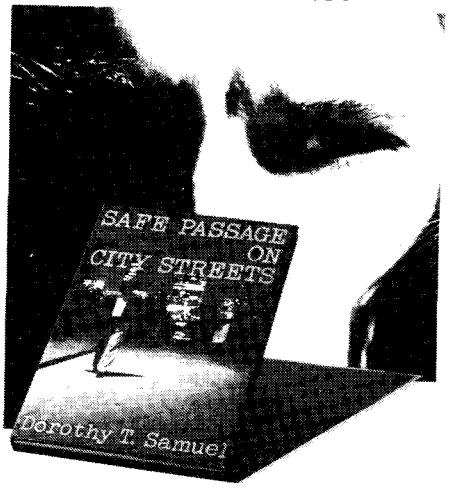

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Blood on the Bars

A Time to Die
by Tom Wicker
Quadrangle, 342 pp., $10

Reviewed by Howard Zinn

Ours is a time of place names that need no explanation. To sound them is to stop the heart a fraction of a second. Auschwitz. Hiroshima. My Lai. Kent State. Attica.

Attica. An eerie camp of war inside a stone wall 30 feet high, with prisoners as guards and guards as prisoners, and then the guns roaring, the chaos of slaughter, a moving circle of survivors stripped naked, disappearing behind enormous steel doors that clang shut, reverberating to infinity, behind which we faintly hear the methodical fall of clubs on flesh and then a silence, signaling the restoration of law and order.

Tom Wicker's book on Attica is a tense narrative—told in the third person—about that week in September 1971, a week that was brought to a climax when the governor of New York, now our Vice-President, spoke the words that turned D-yard into a slime of blood. But the book is more. It is the tough self-examination of a noted columnist, whose profession nervously stands watch over the passivity of its members but whose own sensibilities demanded—almost before he could think about it—that he cross into the forbidden zone of commitment. The mood is fascination, growing ashamed of itself, turning to anger.

As Wicker left Washington for Attica, his name on a small list the prisoners had requested as observers, he made a simple pledge to himself: *Nobody gets killed.* It came from deep down, perhaps from his plain, morally scrupulous family in Hamlet, N.C.; it was a simple idea that somehow stayed alive even inside the sophisticated journalistic world Wicker inhabited in Washington, D.C. When that pledge was shattered by the guns of the troopers at Attica, a back-home naiveté, which had held its breath an unreasonably long time inside Wicker, collapsed.

You learn about Wicker's life, his thoughts, through intriguing fragments of autobiography—he is an incorrigible novelist, unrehabilitated by all his time in press clubs. You also learn, in compact digressions, about the prison system in America—enough to persuade you, if you need persuasion, that prisons should not be reformed and prettied up but should be dismantled, brick by brick, leaving to our grandchildren no physical reminder of our barbarity. Wicker skillfully sketches the evidence that prisons do not help fight crime and that they probably make things worse—thus removing any justification for a system of unspeakable cruelty.

He might also have said (we always want the author to consult *us* before writing his book) that the huge proportion of poor people in jail for crimes against property suggests that prisons are inevitable counterparts of banks. And that so long as we have a system that breeds fierce and unequal competition for scarce resources (although it is not the only system that requires imprisonment), some steel bars will be needed to protect money and others to confine human beings.

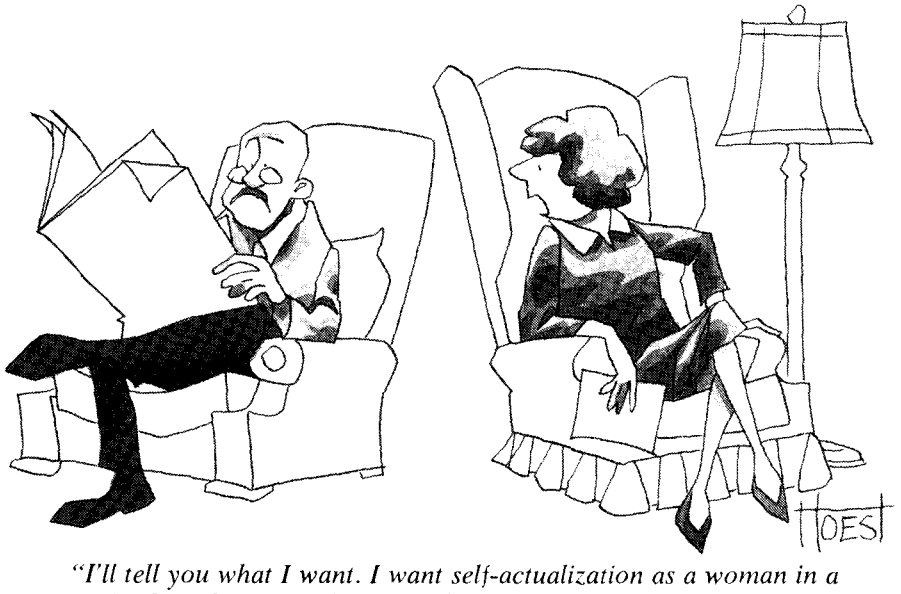
But the book is mostly about those six days at Attica, when Wicker and his fellow observers filed back and forth between a sullen, impatient army outside and the fragile friendship of the besieged inside. Wicker's honesty is as impressive as his prose. He gives a quick portrait of a white inmate who admits the observers to D-yard:

> The man did not look directly at him, but in the weak, yellow light, like that in a medieval painting, there was something—so it seemed to Wicker in his nervousness—hard and desperate about the white face, the tattooed arm, the rigid intensity with which the man's body seemed to be charged, as if he were about to spring from the darkness and strike right through the mask of affluence and ease and order that shielded the faces of men like Tom Wicker from the hardest weathers of human existence.

The inmates created their own community inside the yard—hardly ideal, inescapably violent, unexpectedly humane, but considering the circumstances, an astonishing testament to the human potential for self-rule and far superior, ethically, both to the slave world they had just sundered and to the free world outside the walls, now getting ready to kill them. Wicker sketches the leaders and orators, almost all black: Herbert X. Blyden, eloquent, angry; Roger Champen, almost seven feet tall, cool; L. D. Barkley, bespectacled, precise, uncompromising (he was 21, in Attica for driving without a license, and had but a few days to live). He finds solidarity between black and white unbroken, from the seizure of the yard to the reoccupation.

There is diversity in the bureaucracy:

Howard Zinn, professor of government at Boston University, is author of The Politics of History *and other books.*



"I'll tell you what I want. I want self-actualization as a woman in a societal modality in which a viable life-style is divorced from preconceived ideas of sexual role-conditioning, and I want it now!"

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the ruthless conservative, Warden Mancusi (the inmates, he said, were destroying "their home"); the rueful liberal, Commissioner Oswald; and the whole spectrum from itchy-fingered guards to manicured gubernatorial assistants. In the end, all differences in personal morality were ground into homogeneity by the work ethic and its chief rule: Obey the boss. The boss was Nelson Rockefeller, whose powers so transcended liberalism and conservatism that it would take a stronger stance than the mild reformism of an Oswald to resist the deadly suction that drew the cold and the compassionate alike into the vortex of the murderous. Rebellion was unthinkable inside the bureaucracy.

And in the end, even the observers—good men all, intelligent, brave—could only weep with despair and anger, sealed off in the Stewards' Room of the prison while the massacre proceeded a few hundred yards away. They had been more than observers: Wicker, Arthur Eve, Herman Badillo, William Kunstler, Lewis Steel, Clarence Jones, Jaybarr Kenyatta, and the rest. They had tried to mediate, tried to stall for time. They had, in the end, developed an agonized comradeship with the insurrectionists.

But the observers' powerlessness was ensured by adherence (though some of them knew better) to the "rationality" that is crucial to our higher learning. Only an "irrational" act (perhaps refusing to move from D-yard, thus forcing the authorities to reckon with killing not just obscure guards and worthless prisoners but journalists and legislators as well) had even a chance of preventing or delaying the attack. The observers were not lacking in courage, but, as Wicker writes, "Wicker . . . was a middle-class product of a system he regarded as fundamentally rational. He took it for granted that no one wanted the irrationality of bloodshed and death." And while not all the observers believed this—certainly not Kunstler and Steel, not Herman Badillo, and probably no black observer—as a group they were trapped inside the Stewards' Room of our Machiavellian culture, where we are all taught to stay within the rules of rationality and civility, by those who break the rules at will.

That the powerless can expect rational compromise from the powerful, that rulers and ruled share common values in the modern liberal state, is a seductive idea, mangled by history but kept alive by incessant transfusions. At Ludlow, Colo., in 1914, strike-leader Lou Tikas went up the hill with a white flag to negotiate with the National Guard, which was being paid by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to crush a miners' strike in his coalfields. Tikas was executed on the spot, and then the tent colony where the strikers' families lived was attacked. That was the Ludlow Massacre, John D.'s legacy to his sons.

At Attica, Herman Badillo said, "There's always time to die. I don't know what the rush was." It was a momentary forgetting of the madness of those who ask for rationality.

The negotiations had broken down over the issue of amnesty, where—with the inequality in weaponry—no compromise was possible. To give amnesty would be to violate the Rockefeller Principle—the principle of Establishments everywhere: *Don't let them think rebellion works.*

And so the attack was ordered. Then came the official lies about the killing of the hostages, repeated in the press (". . . convicts slashed their throats with knives," *The New York Times* said). The politicos were not anxious to have the remaining guards think—indeed, to have all of us remaining guards begin to think—that when the government is uptight, we are all as expendable as the prisoners.

Tom Wicker began to see that and more. *A Time to Die* is a meteor, following the unfinished trajectory of his thought, while illuminating D-yard in Attica, September 1971. With the Attica survivors now on trial in Buffalo, facing multiple life sentences (no amnesty, no pardons, no deals; they never held public office), Wicker's book is also a friend's powerful, passionate response to a call for help. □

"The rebellion is growing, Your Majesty. You are now master of all you survey except for the northern frontier, the river basin, and half of the valley."

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The Roots of Reality

Between Existentialism and Marxism

by Jean-Paul Sartre
Translated by John Mathews
Pantheon, 302 pp., $10

Reviewed by Stephen Koch

This reviewer seizes on Jean-Paul Sartre's recent collection of essays as an admirer who is all but a disciple. Sartre's has been one of the great, and one of the maddening, intellectual careers: Following it with deep admiration leads down a rocky road. But, then, Sartre does very little to make anything easy for anybody, with one exception: He does make it mighty easy for anyone hungry for intellectual fathers to elect him to that dubious but invaluable role. Then the argument begins, in grand old oedipal style (what else are fathers for?). Thus I find myself infected with high filial fury: *I* may not be on speaking terms with the old boy, but when you talk to me about him, let's hear a little respect.

Do I sometimes think Sartre blind—as, for example, in his discussion of psychoanalysis—hopelessly wooden, hopelessly French in its muscle-bound Cartesian logic, often outright ignorant? We should all be so blind: Read *Saint Genet,* major sections of *Being and Nothingness,* and more essays than I can name, and recognize one of the great psychologists of our time. Do I think him heavy-handed and charmless? Read *The Words*—one of the most delicately charming books I can call to mind. Is he doctrinaire, harsh, and a lousy, boring writer? Then take a look at, among many other examples, the essay on Merleau-Ponty in *Situations*—one of the most singularly gracious pieces of critical prose I have read. Do I think him a smart man but no artist? At times—but I challenge you to convince me that *Nausea* is a bad novel, *No Exit* a bad play. Does Sartre irritate, insult, weary me? Yes, he does. But just try to get between me and that extraordinary light.

"Today I think that philosophy is dramatic in nature," Sartre remarks during an interview in this latest collection in English of occasional pieces. It is Sartre's lifelong commitment to the mind's *drama* that has made his career at once so torturous and so exemplary. From the beginning, he seems to have instinctively understood that his nature is profoundly public—and that he would live at the center of things, addressing himself to the international intellectual community, which is his natural audience. For them, for himself, he would enact and write out the *whole* life of his mind, making himself accountable on paper for his *complete* debate with himself. This is a messy, reckless, obviously pre-doomed ambition, one that clogs his work with the merits and faults of an almost psychotic prolixity. No matter. With a mind that good, over a debate that interesting, the preposterous ambition can live, and the drama gets very high indeed.

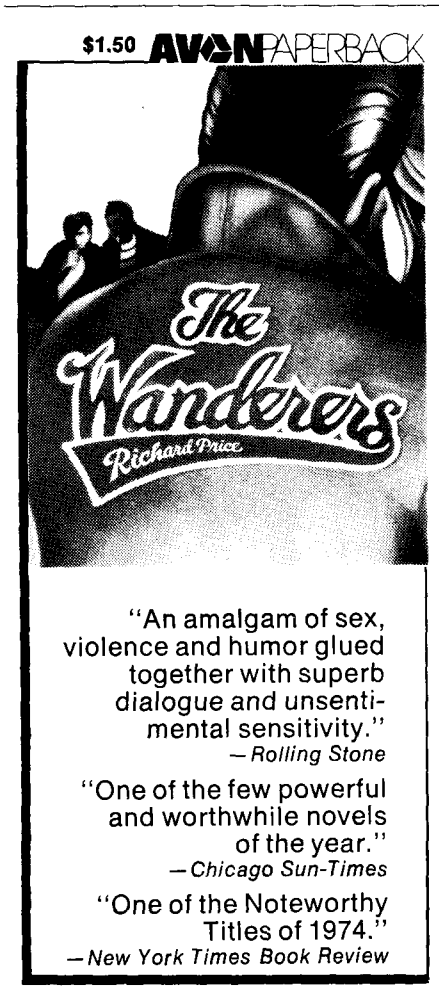
Sartre is now in his seventieth year, and the essential terms of that debate with himself seem to have hardened, settled into place. One can regret this development. The exhilarating energy and virility of Sartre's greatest writing, at least for me, consists of a tough, mean, brilliant murmur driving across the page—half for us, half for himself—arguing through the life of an idea. The style flares with a fierce joy when the perceptions come; it clenches with blunt, rigorous honesty when they go, fail.

In these recent essays some of that fierce personal engagement has smoothed into a merely fluent certainty. In interviews published here Sartre himself suggests this is partly because he has laid to rest a central aspect of his political argument with himself and come to terms with his Marxism. But has he really? Certainly, the most recent pieces—two political interviews printed in 1970—indicate that Sartre was shaken and in some ways outstripped by the events of the French near-revolution of May 1968.

The earlier political essays seem more self-assured: an extremely revealing piece, for instance, on Czechoslovakia and "the socialism that came in from the cold." Then there is "Vietnam: Imperialism and Genocide," which I remember finding almost unreadably infuriating and humiliating when it appeared in 1967. And now? Well, it just goes to show: show how each year's deepening anti-war feeling made last year's seem positively naive, and likewise show how sooner or later one must get used to fury and humiliation. Especially after having come to agree with much more of this terrible indictment than one is capable of admitting without starting to gag all over again.

THE RESURGENT INFLUENCE of Sartre's Marxism has hardly extinguished his existentialism, but it does seem slightly on the back burner. Here one finds a very densely argued and demanding essay on Kierkegaard, obviously intended as a major essay—and not just in its specific analysis of Kierkegaard, about which I am unqualified to comment. In it he tries finally to subsume (without much conviction) Kierkegaard's quarrel with Hegel into his own with Marx. Then there is a section on psychoanalysis. Let's admit right now that psychoanalysis has never been Sartre's strong suit. He has come a long way since denying the existence of the unconscious in *Being and Nothingness.* But, then, he had a long way to go. Sartre obviously finds this contribution to the discourse on analysis shocking and important. Few knowledgeable Americans will agree.

I have said the style has smoothed itself down. But it is still Sartre. One is caught up short again and again. I think it's worth repeating that *because* he is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so free from belletristic preciosity, Sartre is one of the greatest French aphorists, just as he is one of the greatest French literary critics. From that point of view, this book contains at its center an eight-page essay called "Mallarmé: The Poetry of Suicide." To call it brilliant won't do. I am reduced to recommending it in silence. □

New Books

Vinegar Puss

by S. J. Perelman
Simon & Schuster, 224 pp., $7.95

There exist persons in the world to whom the very sight of Perelman's byline is enough to make them ready to guffaw and smirk at things that would draw sullen sighs were they perpetrated by any other writer. That this reviewer is such a person must be admitted at once; such persons read on page one of this new collection that the manager of the luggage department in a large New York department store is called Fishmouth, and this is all they need in order to go under. In short, it is difficult to write about good Perelman and bad Perelman, when it is not the content of what Perelman writes that matters, or the jokes, but something so slippery as the tone: the arrogant sneer, the social bite, the mock-heroic posture that is likely to turn at any moment to sniveling, the elegant language likely to be brought down to earth any instant by an attack of Yiddish.

Looking through old books he had stored away in his barn for reasons he no longer remembers, he notes the content and the authorship of one of them: "an irascible memoir of the Sepoy Mutiny by a British diplomat aptly named Conniption Fitzroy." Afterward, he picks up a copy of Jules Verne's classic, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and for reasons best known to himself, he is soon off on a junket around the world, in the path Verne described. The result is an extended essay on his traveling adventures, a chronicle that carries him forward to do battle with pomposity in the far places of the world, chief among them India, where pomposity is never in short supply. "You failed to fill out this space with your grandmother's maiden name," an Indian passport official tells him. "I'm sorry," Perelman handsomely acknowledges. "Magda Lupescu, care of Poste Restaurante, Bucharest, Rumania." For Perelman readers, the new collection will be an occasion for joy; for others, it is an opportunity to take up an addiction more beneficial than most that one could name.

"What am I worried about? I'm worried if the Knicks can make the playoffs. That's what I'm worried about."

•

With the Armies of the Tsar: A Nurse at the Russian Front 1914-18

by Florence Farmborough
Stein & Day, 422 pp., $10

Florence Farmborough's memoirs of her days as a nurse at the Russian front have become a best-seller in England, and it is not difficult to see why. History is the material with which she was engaged, and in the thick of the war, her passion was to set it down. She photographed and scribbled diary notes, recording: the way the wounded looked; the feeling she had when she had to look into the eyes of a man whose lower body was completely torn open and then to turn her back on him without seeing to his wound because there was no time to waste on hopeless cases; the faces and the characters of the nurses and the doctors who were her comrades throughout; the depredations of the soldiers, whom bolshevism had liberated from such civilized constraints as they might have endured before.

The photographs are in themselves telling records of a period: the sight of a young Communist soldier intent on destroying the furniture in an elegant house, the field hospitals, the trenches dug in the Russian streets, the insides of the peasants' huts. But far more insistently, the memoirs reflect the chaos and the excitement of the events in the midst of which Miss Farmborough found herself, not altogether accidentally. She had first gone to Russia as a governess to the daughters of a well-to-do physician. Then, in 1914, when she was 27, she left her native England and went back to the Russian family for a summer visit. That August, when Germany had declared war on Russia and the First

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World War had begun, she decided to stay in Russia and do Red Cross work. That the idea of going off to war was exhilarating, she could not disguise, and indeed Miss Farmborough made no effort to hide the intensity of her happiness upon learning that she had won front-line duty.

Even at the last, with three years of horrendous service behind her—years spent in the bloody, primitive squalor of the field hospitals on the Russian front—she is desolated by the thought that it all must end. When, finally, she must make her way out of Russia like a fugitive, because life there is no longer safe for her kind in the revolutionary era, she is capable of finding adventure in the terrible 27-day train trip from Moscow, across Siberia, to Vladivostok, where she is to escape on an American ship. She had beheld history and recorded it in intensely personal fashion; she was a royalist, like all her Russian friends, and had viewed the downfall of the Czar and the triumph of the Bolsheviks with fear and dismay. Still, it is not as a fugitive or a frightened woman that she writes, but as one privileged to behold yet more amazements, and grateful for them. As all such history must be, it is fascinating—but more, it is a work grounded in an irrepressible high spirit that is altogether rare in the bereft and convoluted literature of our times.

•

Mirror Mirror

by Harriet Waugh
Little, Brown, 250 pp., $7.95

It is clear from the first page of Miss Waugh's novel, even to an eye untutored in such things, that one is in the presence of black humor, a prospect that need not invariably fill one with delight. Least of all does one feel delight in the way the blackness manifests itself in Miss Waugh's main character, Godfrey.

Godfrey is the unwanted child of elderly parents. Literally the product of a botched and too tardy abortion, he drops down the hospital chute into the surprised hands of the attendant, who calls up to the doctor in charge the news that the fetus is alive and practically a full-term baby. Alive, unwanted, so ugly that people move away from him on trams, his father planning day and night how to keep him out of his sight, Godfrey ultimately comes into some money, which he uses for an operation to make himself beautiful. Thereafter, with a change of face and name, he becomes an overnight sensation. As a successful minister winning converts to Christ by the hundreds of thousands, Godfrey is interested only in repaying the world for the humiliations it conferred on him before his transformation.

In the interests of black humor and spectacle, Miss Waugh (the daughter of Evelyn Waugh) dissipates her energies on a good many characters, none of them as interesting as Godfrey. This is not to say that there are not some worthwhile moments in Miss Waugh's novel, for there are—notably some scathing assaults on evangelistic piety. Still, it all comes apart midway when the army of Miss Waugh's underdeveloped characters, all of whom seem very like one another, are required to assume major symbolic roles in one long and excessively talky denouement. It is proper that something should happen in a novel, but it is also necessary that it should happen to characters whose fate matters in one way or another to the reader, a condition Miss Waugh's characters do not meet, laboring as they do under the weight of symbolic identity and little of any other kind.

•

A Sorrow Beyond Dreams

by Peter Handke
Translated by Ralph Manheim
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 80 pp., $5.95

This too-slender novel is the story of a mother's life seen through the eyes of her son. A suicide in her early 50s, she had grown to womanhood in Germany in the years just before World War II. She had felt the excitement of the new order under the Nazis, the pleasure of feeling at one with everyone in the nation, of having a purpose. But her nature and the nature of her society were such that she was not long destined to enjoy purpose or happiness of any kind. She was different from those around her, her son thinks: a careful but rebellious woman in ways that showed themselves only rarely. Mr. Handke's portrait is

"Would you like to see Dame Peggy Ashcroft or Lord Olivier or Sir Charlie Chaplin, or should we watch some commoners like Robert Redford and Paul Newman?"

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weighty and moving, slender though it is; he has a gift for the concise phrase, for the exact proof that shows, in a line or two, the nature of the character under his scrutiny. This is an astonishingly sad and possibly deceptive work; one has been persuaded that one has seen a life pass by, a life wholly crushed and joyless, when in fact one has seen a summation. But it is persuasion of precisely this sort that is the novelist's business, and Mr. Handke brings it off, desolate though it is.

•

A Season in Hell
by Percy Knauth
Harper & Row, 111 pp., $6.95

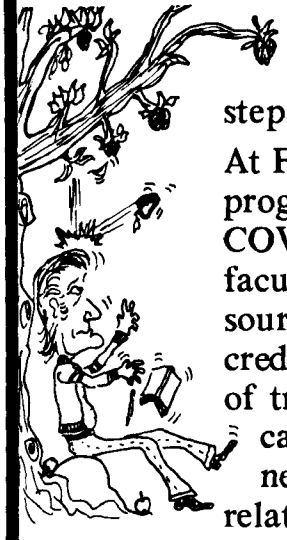
Mr. Knauth's account of his fight against depression has its beginning one summer's day, when he reacts with panic and terror to a minor accident. At the end of a leisurely picnic at the beach with his family, he finds suddenly that he lacks the strength to climb into the boat that is anchored some distance away from shore. After several unsuccessful tries, during which his legs appear to have turned to rubber, he succeeds, by sheer effort of will, in getting into the boat, injuring his back as he does, so that he has to spend the next two weeks in bed.

In those two weeks he begins to experience the self-doubts and questions that are to grow into full-blown symptoms of clinical depression. A man in such a state of depression does not live in the same world as other men. Still, to the depressed patient, his world is the real one. The one constant of that world is fear, fear upon waking in the morning, talking to people, going to bed at night. When Mr. Knauth's child asks him a simple question, such as "Daddy, what time is it?" he is unable to answer. Not only is he unable to answer; he must ask himself questions: Why does the child want to know the time? Is it required of him that he answer? Above all, how is it that he cannot bring himself to answer his child's simple question?

It is, among other things, a book that proves how difficult it is for people to reproduce unnatural states of feeling once they are past. Mr. Knauth labors manfully, in the first part, to describe the fear and hopelessness the depressed person feels—the shape and texture of the horror—and as emphatic as the descriptive voice is, the end of the effort is a great vagueness, a failure as descriptive of the other-worldly and ungraspable nature of clinical anxiety and depression as any concrete detail could hope to yield. Clearly a work written with a sigh of relief, it is also a compelling and a useful one.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

we've got the apple trees, maybe you're an isaac newton...



while Isaac Newton rubbed his head and said "why me?", he took the first step toward discovering the law of gravity.

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WIT TWISTER NO. 42
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 40.

With ___ ___ ___ ___, and with song
upon each lip,
The ___ ___ ___ ___ extends its welcome to the ship.
Such mummery the villagers detest,
Yet they must mouth the ___ ___ ___
___ that serve them best.

A. S.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Second Time Around

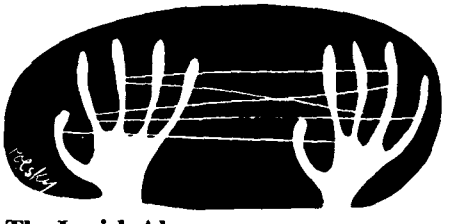
In this column in July 1973 I wrote about a first book by Judith Hemschemeyer, remarking that the poems were alive—full of ideas and a love of words. Well, I can say that again. Here's her second, *Very Close and Very Slow*, out this month from Wesleyan at $6 cloth and $3.45 paper. (To digress, it's odd that a small university press—Wesleyan—and a giant commercial house—Doubleday—are the leading publishers of fine poetry in this country. Among Wesleyan's new books are David Ignatow's *Selected Poems*, chosen by Robert Bly.) Mrs. Hemschemeyer's poems are searingly personal: the deaths of relatives, abortion, childbirth, suicides. Sounds grim, so let's have the lightest poem in the book, "The Dirty-billed Freeze Footy":

Remember that Saturday morning
Mother forgot the word gull?
We were all awake but still in bed
And she called out, "Hey kids!
What's the name of that bird that eats
garbage
And stands around in cold water on the
beach?"
And you, the quick one, the youngest
daughter
Piped right back: "A dirty-billed freeze
footy!"
And she laughed till she was weak,
Until it hurt her. And you had done it:
Reduced our queen to warm and helpless
rubble.
And the rest of the day, baking or cleaning
Or washing our hair until it squeaked,
Whenever she caught sight of you
It would start all over again.

Porter on Beer

A onetime brewmaster with the appropriate name of Porter—John Porter—has done a little book about beer, *All About Beer* (Doubleday, April 18, $5.95). I have long held that American beer isn't worth drinking: It's acid, thin, virtually non-alcoholic. Mr. Porter seems to agree and claims that the main reason is that the big breweries are eating (or drinking) up the little ones. Quoting *Newsweek*, he states that there were 750 breweries in the United States in 1933; now there are 64. The intimation is that the larger the brewery, the worse the brew. He also gives us the results of a beer-tasting session organized by Chicago columnist Mike Royko, in which 11 citizens of varying ethnic backgrounds blind-tasted 22 beers and one ale. The top four were Wurzburger (Germany), Bass ale (England), Point Special (Wisconsin—oh, to be in Wisconsin!), and Heineken (Netherlands). The two lowest-ranking were from two of the three American giants—or, as Royko puts it, "the two biggest TV braggarts!" We are told how to brew our own beer (not worth it, I say) and are given a number of recipes (thank goodness, he spells it "Welsh Rabbit," not "Rarebit"). He recommends a German light lager for a hair rinse, and I must get hold of some Watney's Stingo Ale, which ". . . comes in a small brown bottle, will knock you right off your stool if you drink it as casually as you would the average beer. It is aptly called 'the poor man's whiskey' and is about the color of Bourbon."

Incidentally, in an appendix, "Brewmaster's Choice," Colorado's much-publicized Coors is given a high rating.



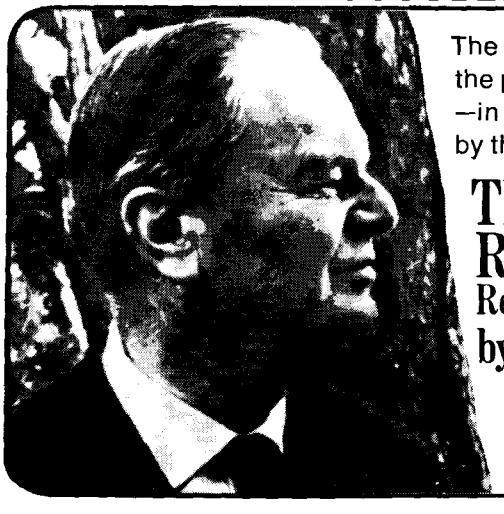
The Jewish Alps

There's a Glossary of Catskill Yiddish in the novel *Summer on a Mountain of Spices*, by Harvey Jacobs (Harper & Row, April 2, $8.95). An interesting glossary, but most of the words have already seeped through to us from movies, plays, and TV comedy. Nine bucks seems a lot for a novel, but it's the kind of book that if you want it, you want it. It's a continuously diverting picture of a week and a half, toward the end of World War II, at the dilapidated Willow Spring Hotel, located in what is called the Jewish Alps, that is, the Catskill Mountains, northwest of New York City. I must say I found it hard to keep track of the many characters. I mean, eventually I didn't know Irwin Lapides from Charlie Mandel. No strong plot, just a long series of funny scenes. You don't have to be Jewish to love it. Lots of sex and limitless information on the inhabitants of a summer hotel. Here's Dr. Moses Radish instructing his son, Dr. Noah Radish, on how to treat the proprietors:

On the drive to the Willow Spring, Dr. Noah Radish had been briefed on the manner of the family Berman. They respected but suspected doctors. The important thing was to be thorough. Take the temperature for four minutes. Feel the pulse a whole sixty seconds. Keep the face tense with the proper expression for critical conditions. Before and after examination, wash the hands. Whatever the findings write a prescription. If there is a prescription to fill it gives a sense of security. Leave the room with the dignity of entrance. Anything less and the Bermans will eat you alive.

Vulgarians

When I was a boy, we little vulgarians used to sing "The Sheik of Araby," intoning after each line, "With no pants on." This nonsense turns up in Thomas Berger's novel *Sneaky People* (Simon & Schuster, April 7, $7.95). This is about the Midwest in the 1930s: Fifteen-year-old Ralph Sandifer; his raunchy father, Buddy, who runs a used-car lot; his secretive mother; his father's blowsy mistress; and assorted small-town types. Quite a loving picture, despite some violent shocks. But can I believe that Ralph's dumb teenage buddy, Hauser, would say, "The idea of twins is devastating"? □



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Art: Some Causes for Kudos

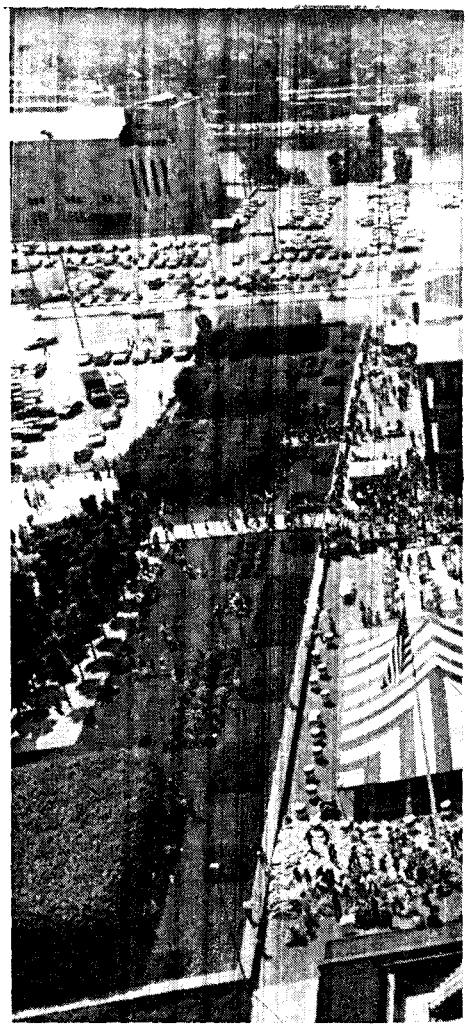
by Katharine Kuh

Operating often with a minimum of fanfare, several specialized art institutions are currently invigorating life in the United States. As a rule, they offer individualized experiences emphasizing an increasing American sophistication. Visual art and its audience are slowly coming of age with all the pluses and minuses that accompany growing pains. Herewith, a few samples.

I think immediately of New York City and of the remarkable proliferation of differentiated art associations that, far from competing with the city's major museums, in fact augment them. Except for Paris, London, and Rome, no other metropolis can match New York in its variety of visual resources, though, we must concede, Tokyo is fast catching up. There are obviously more peripheral events in Manhattan than can possibly be absorbed by single pairs of eyes and ears, but, for the selective viewer with willing body and ardent spirit, this wealth of possibilities offers a heady latitude. The same day brings an invitation from Japan House Gallery to a show of "Tsutsumu: The Art of the Japanese Package," and one from the Spanish Institute announcing a medieval Iberian exhibition. Not only can New Yorkers see the packaging show, which provides a revealing glimpse of Japanese involvement with daily esthetics, but the exhibition will also circulate throughout the country for two years.

Other institutions concentrating on specific areas rather than on the overall history of art are the newly established International Center of Photography, the Museum of American Folk Art, the China Institute, the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, and, not least, the Finch College Museum of Art, where periodic exhibitions in the Contemporary Wing stress theme shows often concerned with neglected areas in art. Pointing the way for New York's larger, more solidified museums, Finch resuscitates the near past and, as with the Art Deco movement, reactivates interest in it. Until a few weeks ago, the college, in collaboration with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, was presenting a survey of "Forms in Metal: 275 Years of Metalsmithing in America." As teaching aids, Finch's exhibitions are exemplary, but fortunately they are more than merely pedagogical; they are independent creative experiences of interest to both student and layman. Without funds from the National Endowment for the Arts, "Forms in Metal" and many valuable exhibits elsewhere might not have been possible; nor would numerous important catalogs have been published without the Ford Foundation's assistance. One must applaud the intelligence with which these bodies have made their appropriations for the fine arts.

Deserving special kudos are three disparate organizations that maintain consistently high standards. First comes the Pierpont Morgan Library, with its superb permanent collection of rare works on paper and its frequent exhibitions of Old Master drawings, prints, and manuscript illuminations. There is also Asia House Gallery, an institution that over the years has sustained shows of unfailing quality. Beautifully installed and accompanied by scholarly catalogs, extensive surveys present the best that the Near and Far East can offer, which, let me add, is no mean achievement. And, of course, the Frick Collection, with its peerless assemblage of Old Master and eighteenth-century paintings, would make news in any city. At a time when the American capitalist system is under strong attack, it is interesting to note how much cultural largesse we owe to it. Without Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Fricks, some of our finest museums might never have been organized. And without corporate patronage, many recent works might still remain in studio closets or only the figments of artists' dreams, which is not to say that the end invariably justified the means.



Calder Plaza in Grand Rapia

However, in the case of American cities where monumental sculpture is flourishing, we must salute the cooperative efforts of civic and business organizations. Plazas are now the settings for specially designed constructions by internationally renowned artists, and the results are impressive, even if at times "renown" is the name of the game. A preference for the safe and the famous (often the same) has resulted in public works by such elder statesmen as Henry Moore, Picasso, Chagall, and Calder. Indeed, Moore's chunky monuments are adjuncts to so many American skyscrapers, banks, theaters, and campuses that they have become status trademarks for public buildings. One could wish for a bit more courage, but American cities nonetheless have been invigorated by sculptural landmarks that would have been out of the question only a few years ago, when (municipally speaking) souped-up classical imitations were in favor and

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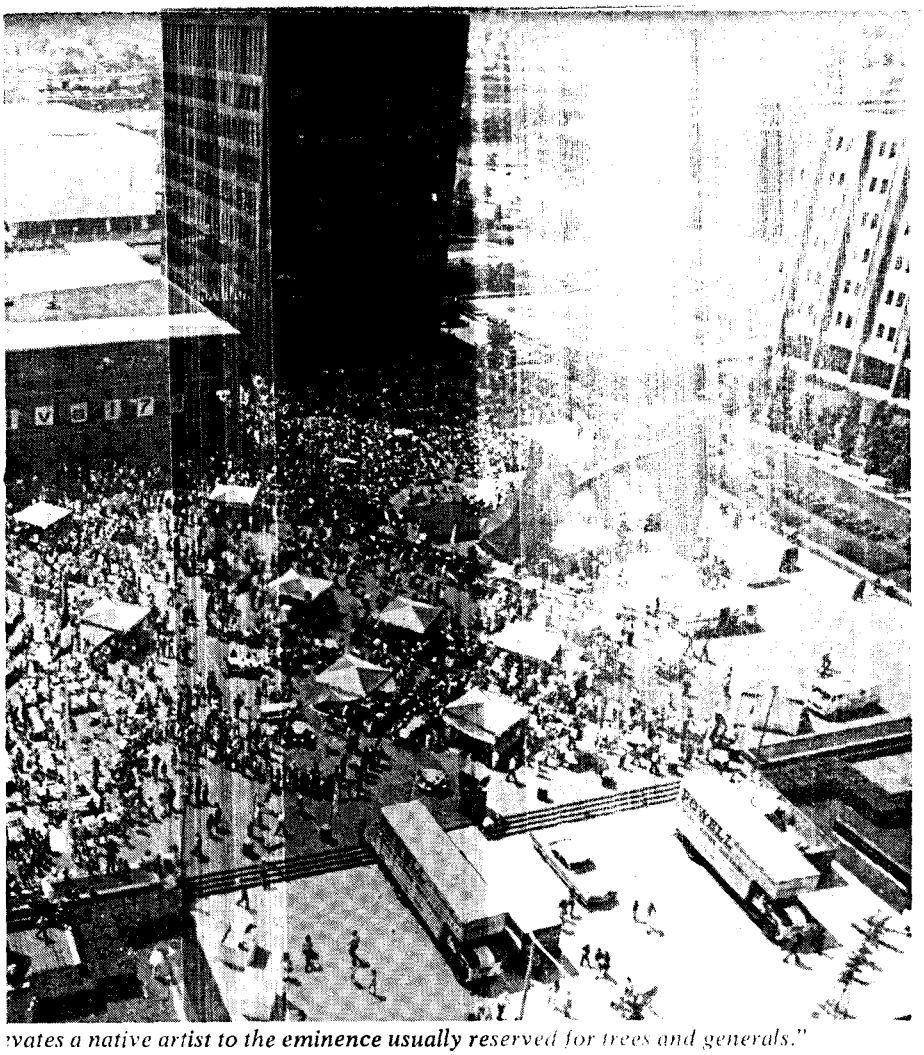

:vates a native artist to the eminence usually reserved for trees and generals."

any form of contemporary invention was taboo.

Even Gerald Ford now knows about "Sandy" Calder, since the President's home state not long ago saw the installation of an outstanding Calder work in Grand Rapids. The city went so far as to name the downtown square dominated by this spectacular construction after the sculptor. Today, Grand Rapids, with Calder Plaza, joins Boston, with Copley Square, as one of the few American cities to elevate a native artist to the eminence usually reserved for trees, generals, and statesmen. Europeans have been doing this for years. Streets commemorate Rembrandt in Amsterdam, Donatello in Milan, and Jacques Callot in Paris, to mention the first that come to mind. But for a relatively conservative midwestern town to celebrate a living artist, and a pioneer at that, is surely a sign of growing American independence. So, too, is a new U.S. stamp, the first issued in 1975, that reproduces a self-portrait of Benjamin West, one of our early eighteenth-century painters who made history both in this country and in England.

Topping American cities in a concentration of important outdoor sculpture is Chicago, where, for example, a three-block walk in the Loop yields distinguished works by Picasso, Chagall, and Calder (the last a red steel structure epitomizing the city's wonderful raw vigor and, for my money, the best of the three). Perhaps it takes an American to understand Chicago. And where else would an artist (again Calder) arrive for the dedication of his work, riding at the head of a circus parade? We have at last attained sufficient security to consider art a pleasure rather than a moral obligation.

In other cities new projects are also worth watching. Philadelphia's University of Pennsylvania, pursuant to a contract with the Redevelopment Authority, allocates to art 1 percent of its budget for buildings on ground bought from the Authority. Already sculpture by Seymour Lipton, Jose de Rivera, and Tony Smith has been set up in areas available to public and students. During the next two years the university plans to add some 20 to 30 works by other contemporary European and American artists. I find this method of bringing art to a campus frequently more rewarding than the prevalent practice of erecting entire new museums, since works encountered in open areas where people move freely from place to place are apt to become integral parts of daily life, while museums tend to be somewhat sequestered and are only mandatory when substantial collections need housing. Now, alas, many new college and university galleries have erroneously started with buildings rather than art. If ever the cart preceded the horse, it is in this edifice obsession, which seems to value brick and mortar more than paintings and sculpture. Then, too, these new museums frequently collide with already established local institutions and, not unexpectedly, compete for funds. The costly art building in academia is sometimes as much a showplace for the names of its generous donors (usually alumni) as a haven for thoughtfully acquired works. When, after being carefully sifted, art collections have outgrown the quarters earlier provided for them, then and then only is a new plant advisable. Counter to a popular present-day rationale, buildings do not always attract art or, let us say, art worth serious preservation.

Take the Allen Memorial Art Museum at Oberlin College, where a splendid collection patiently acquired over the years has outpaced its present building and clearly requires additional space. On the other hand, the over-large museum at Berkeley, recently opened with high-pressure celebration, is already said to be narrowing its horizons. With inflation rampant, all institutions are reconsidering their priorities.

Another case of a "1 Percent for the Arts" program was introduced in Seattle last September and is especially memorable because of a contract the city's Arts Commission helped to negotiate. When purchasing works of art for public sites, Seattle issues an "artists' rights" agreement that stipulates, should the piece be subsequently sold, the painter or sculptor will receive 15 percent of the appreciated value. Thus, at long last, the person responsible for the creation of art also shares in its profits. Heretofore, once a work was sold at no matter how low a price, the artist was denied any rights in resales, no matter how high the price. Additional safeguards in Seattle, as described by a new publication, *The Arts Advocate,* specify "that the artist reserves reproduction rights and any applicable copyrights, that the artist has the first opportunity to make any necessary repairs and altera-

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tions, and that the city has a responsibility to maintain the work properly." Hail to Seattle! Here, for the first time in my knowledge, artists are recognized as more than important bystanders where the future of their work is concerned. After all, whether sold or not, it is still theirs.

As for *The Arts Advocate*, it, too, is a symptom of progress. First circulated last January, this quarterly publication is sponsored by Advocates for the Arts, a group devoted to legal and legislative issues that affect the arts in America. Because art is at once bedeviled and yet vitalized by big business, any attempt to protect it from exploitation is welcome. Today, paintings and sculpture have themselves become big business and are frequently looked on as negotiable commodities that can substitute for or even supersede stocks and bonds. In 1932 a canvas by Kandinsky sold at auction for five dollars. Today it is valued at $150,000. Can Wall Street do better? If one doubts the possible dangers and abuses in a system that confuses esthetics with high finance, I recommend a first-rate documentary shown last fall at the Whitney Museum in the New American Filmmakers Series. The film in question, called *America's Pop Collector: Robert C. Scull—Contemporary Art at Auction*, is a brilliant production originated by E. J. Vaughn, who, without the slightest hint of moralizing, has unleashed a devastating social indictment. Providing both entertainment and considerable profundity, the film probes the phenomenon of art as a peg for personal publicity, prestige, ego aggrandizement, and monetary gain. Mr. Vaughn claims that "American contemporary art became 'Old Master' art in a single evening, when 50 works changed hands for $2,240,900 in 70 minutes."

This sale of Scull's art at Parke Bernet was an international super-spectacular crowded with foreign no less than American bidders. Japanese collectors competed avidly with their Western counterparts, though the Arab contingent was not yet visible. The film caught every nuance of irony with a blinding clarity that no words could hope to achieve. Artists, dealers, auction house, and collector all emerged as frenetically involved with art as merchandise. If the sale itself was hardly a cause for rejoicing, the movie certainly is.

And so we progress slowly—one foot backward, two feet forward. It was only a few years ago that American businessmen and politicians looked on art as effeminate; today they are among its most voluble boosters. Even if occasionally they exploit it for dubious advantages, the fact remains that it is they who have put new life, new hope, into a scene that was long relegated to do-gooders, culture vultures, and well-bred ladies. □

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ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 68

ART BUCHWALD:
OF CONSPIRACIES
(AND CORLEONES)

The Nixon lieutenants' primary concern . . . was to save themselves. So what you hear through your earphones is the making of a conspiracy not only against the government but against each other. . . . If nothing else, the Watergate people have given "obstruction of justice" a bad name.
From *The Los Angeles Times*, Nov. 26, 1974.

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Evenings With Carter, Rubinstein, and Barber

One of the new year's most rewarding and least reported musical events was the occasion on which Columbia University offered the three string quartets of Elliott Carter, not only in the composer's presence but with his participation as commentator. *Time* magazine paid proper respect to the composer and his work, but it was ignored by the daily press.

Carter, an unassuming man whose name will be honored when Gerald Ford's is forgotten, is one of the few composers who can articulate the ideas embodied in his major works. He alluded to the second and third quartets as "postmodern," which is to say they come "from a world of another contemporary scene." Structure and purpose, he implied, have now taken different shapes from those they had when he was growing up and he digested the works of Stravinsky and Schoenberg.

The key word, of course, is *digested.* What Carter absorbed from such masters (and others), and what has gone into his music, are criteria of contrast, balance, control, and rhythm, which relate one musical statement to another. It was curiously appropriate that the music was heard in a gallery of Columbia's Low Memorial Library, lined with cases containing an exhibit of Chinese ceramics. Whether identified as vases and urns from the Shang, Ch'in, or Han dynasties, they were silent reminders that nothing endures like form, design, shape, and balance.

His quartets, Carter further said, provide the opportunity "to articulate problems in my mind": certain chords in various voicings, the rhythmic crosscurrents made possible by four instruments, quick changes of emotional climate. As many music-lovers know, the second quartet (1959) has the form of an internal dialogue, with each instrument articulating a well-defined personality of its own. It relates, in Carter's words, to a "human situation," the "problem of coming together and working together." The third quartet, on the other hand, he described as having "a distinct personality of its own," to which he applied such words as *lyric, thoughtful, contentious.*

It was in the third quartet, first performed in 1973 (*SR*, February 10, 1973), that the Composers String Quartet, now in residence at Columbia, made its greatest contribution to the clarification of Carter's ideas. It is conceived as a double dialogue, with Duo I (violin and cello) "playing *quasi rubato* throughout" and Duo II (violin and viola) "playing in strict rhythm throughout." When it was introduced by the Juilliard Quartet, its complexities of structure gave the players almost as many difficulties as they did the listener.

To provide an internal link between the paired players, Jean Dane, violist of the quartet, ventured the use of a click track (commonly utilized to synchronize the sound track of a film with the screen images). Each of the players used a small ear plug wired to the tape, with a separate pulsation for each pair. It might be likened to an invisible metronome, and it contributed greatly to unity and freedom.

Carter noted that he derived his "row" (a series of intervals that holds the work together) from a computerized catalog totaling more than 200 rows. The trenchant, challenging, but always artistic outcome was yet another proof that music is in the man, not in the method he uses. The gallery was crowded for both the concert and a repetition several days later, with many listeners of college age, to whom Carter is a shining light of musical promise.

OF RECENT YEARS, Artur Rubinstein has taken to reappearing in a New York concert hall near the end of January, suggesting that the eminent octogenarian celebrates his birthday (on the 28th of that month) by giving himself the present that pleases him most—playing in public. He did it once again early in February, entertaining not only a house full of paying guests in Avery Fisher Hall, but also the New York Philharmonic directed by Daniel Barenboim. It was a benefit for the orchestra's pension fund, which profited by a staggering $83,000.

In continuing to play the piano publicly at the age of 86, 87, and now 88, Rubinstein has amassed a record that is all but unprecedented. It is historical fact (as Rubinstein well knows, and Irving Schwerké has so well reported) that in 1928 the French pianist Francis Planté celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and the eighty-third year of his public career, by playing two recitals (matinee and evening) on a single day. But this was in a small community in Mont-de-Marsan, to which he had retired, not in the spotlight of a metropolis.

Rubinstein's program duplicated one he had performed with the same orchestra a few years ago, also with Barenboim, a superb collaborator for any artist—the Beethoven G Major (no. 4) and the Brahms D Minor (no. 1). Each was in the Rubinstein mold, a little more cautious in Beethoven than he has been before, but full of musical wisdom, human warmth, and artistic passion: free-striding in the Brahms, where the fingers didn't always go where he wanted them to, but the handfuls of chordal sound were powerful, rich, and distinctly his own.

In his report, Schwerké (for many years a European correspondent for *Musical Courier* magazine) cited Planté as saying, on the day of his double duty:

Elliott Carter—"Proof that music is in the man, not in the method he uses."

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"No artist can give what he does not possess, and the artist who has not gratitude in his heart can have no generosity in his art." Spoken like a Rubinstein, who always acknowledges applause by gesturing the thanks of his heart. At the end of his long day, Planté said to his audience: "And now to say farewell, to close this career of over 80 years: Chopin's song of triumph shall also be mine. The Victory Polonaise! Victory Victorious!" Rubinstein didn't speak the words, but in a gesture as rare as it was arousing, he did respond to the unending applause by playing the same Polonaise. Was he, Planté-like, trying to tell us something? Only, I would say, that for all his fondness for Beethoven and Brahms, the composer closest to the Rubinstein heart is still Chopin.

SAMUEL BARBER has taken the time and thought to separate the best of the *Antony and Cleopatra* score he wrote for the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House in 1966 and amend it for presentation by the American Opera Center in the Juilliard Theater. Reduced in scale from a spectacular to a mini-music drama, it profited greatly from the participation of a mostly youthful cast, well directed by Gian-Carlo Menotti, and inspired by the flaming spirit and steady hand of its young conductor, James Conlon.

Most of the alterations occur, as they properly should, in the first act and the initial portions of the second. All that was best in the original version began with the eloquent words of Enobarbus ("O sov'reign mistress of true melancholy"). They are now preceded by a new, beautifully crafted love duet utilizing the text of Fletcher's "Take, O take those lips away" (part of which is borrowed by Fletcher from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*), which is not at all out of place in the Egyptian surroundings (especially in the light of what Barber has done with it). The changes have brought the preceding action more swiftly to this point, beginning a steady ascension to the final scene of Cleopatra's death, which has also been extended from a gasp to an outpouring.

The revision does not make a new opera of *Antony and Cleopatra*: It puts the old one in a better perspective of Barber's gifts and makes it far more accessible to theaters of modest means. It does, appealingly and often compellingly, plead the case of love fettered by fate to an unhappy outcome. There is, however, much more to Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* than this: a panorama of war, of politics, of a power struggle pitting Roman against Roman. In this version they are either backed off center stage or inadequately served by Barber's music. The clash of arms is essentially tame; the sinew, the bite, the vigor in Shakespeare's text are insufficiently present in Barber's music to convey the place in literature occupied by these lovers.

The performers of the pair were attractively youthful, especially Esther Hinds, a native of Barbados with a rare combination of vocal and physical beauty, as the larger world will soon discover. Ronald Hedlund was more heavily burdened with the dramatic demands of Antony, but he had the conviction of purpose and the resonance of sound to bring it off, especially at the end. The imaginative settings and costumes were the work of Pasquale Grossi, the latest in a long line of Menotti discoveries. □

Beth Bergman
Esther Hinds as Cleopatra—"A rare combination of vocal and physical beauty."

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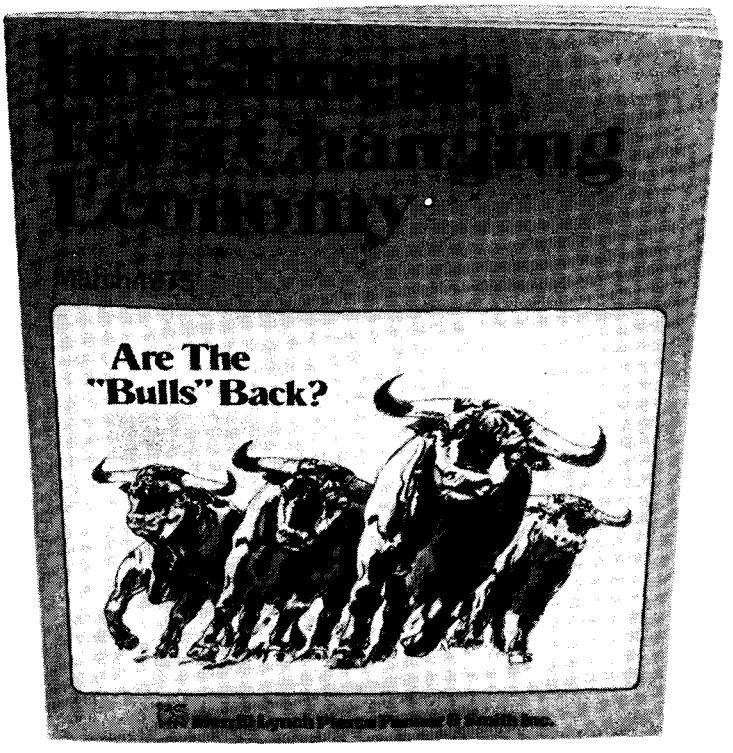

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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Chopin Scherzos (Nos. 1 to 4), Fantasia in F minor (Angel). Garrick Ohlsson plays this repertory as though he were still trying to win the 1970 Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw rather than being well launched on a career as a result of that accomplishment. Each piece is sectionalized, with each part played for everything it contains—lyric, *very* lyric; fast, *very* fast—instead of being interrelated and unified. It is time, also, for Ohlsson to put his sizable gifts to work in some music other than Chopin's.

Lekeu: Sonata in G. Ysaÿe: "Rêve d'enfant"; Vieuxtemps: Ballade et Polonaise (Philips). The sonata by the gifted, ill-fated Lekeu (he died of typhoid in 1894, at the age of 24), though a rarity, is not unknown to disks, nor is Arthur Grumiaux's capacity to deal equitably with it. But he has a new face in his pianistic partner, Dinorah Varsi, of Uruguayan birth, who bears well the honor of having won a competition in the name of the great Clara Haskil. She is also a superior collaborator in the other works listed above.

Tippett: Four Ritual Dances From "The Midsummer Marriage," "Concerto for Orchestra" (Philips). These two previously unrecorded works show Michael Tippett at his most provocative and most provoking. The first derives from undoubted impulse and musical imagery; the second, from his tendency to overreach himself for an originality already within his grasp. The "Midsummer Marriage" material is not excerpted from Philips's complete recording of the opera: It is a separate, continuous concert work and independently absorbing. The companion work ("Concerto for Orchestra") of 1963 is fully stocked with ideas that sometimes get in the way of each other. Colin Davis and the London Symphony Orchestra do everything possible to unclutter both scores.

Tippett: Sonatas Nos. 1, 2, and 3 (Philips). This sequence represents the Tippett of 1937, 1962, and 1972 in a way very much to his musical credit. The impulse and imagery admired above are, all the way through, much more accessible to the ear, perhaps because he is limited to what 10 fingers can do. Those of Paul Crossley (a British pianist with an affinity for Olivier Messiaen) can do everything Tippett asks with great fluency and superb sound.

Opera

Massenet: Thaïs (RCA). For all its gaudy incongruities (including, but not limited to, a lengthy French ballet in Alexandria), *Thaïs* retains its capacity to fascinate if not to absorb. A prime example of what fellow composer (and critic) Vincent d'Indy described as Massenet's *"l'érotisme discret et quasi-religieux,"* it plays quasi-emotionally with the values in Anatole France's novel, substituting craftsmanship for inspiration and guile for sincerity. In this first complete recording, Julius Rudel goes directly to the heart of the score, tailoring the treatment to the subject matter. His prime ally to that end is Gabriel Bacquier, a fine embodiment of Athanaël, the priest who saves Thaïs from herself

but loses her to God, with José Carreras as a likable Nicias and Justino Díaz as Palémon. Anna Moffo understands the character of Thaïs as well as any contemporary soprano, and though her singing is often effortful or overcautious, she makes audible the sensuous appeal celebrated by France and the counterpulls that, in the end, caused her death (in both respects, not unlike that of Manon). If you know the "Meditation" (beautifully played by violinist Desmond Bradley), you may think you know *Thaïs* (it does get a bit tiresome the fourth time, as a vocal duet), but there is more to it than that. The sound captured by producer Thomas Z. Shepard and engineer Anthony Salvatore in Walthamstow Town Hall (outside London) is uncommonly well suited to Massenet's tonal palette.

Vocal

Schumann: Frauenliebe und Leben (opus 42). Liederkreis (opus 39) (Angel). Over a recording career that has now covered nearly 30 years, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf could, at almost any time, have sung the *"Frauenliebe und Leben"* superbly. However, she has waited so long that her insight and musical intelligence are sorely tried by problems of range and inadequate support. There are flashes of the spirit she commands (especially in *"Er, der Herrlichste von allen"*), but in other, quieter songs she has hard going. The *"Liederkreis"* is even more taxing to what she has to work with, inducing a restraint in Geoffrey Parson's piano playing that is not a norm for him. Both sets of songs vary from time to time in the surrounding studio sound, suggesting different sessions and setups.

Miscellaneous

Duke Ellington: Third Sacred Concert (RCA). Of all the participants in the Third (last) Sacred Concert given by the Ellington band, the one who responded most personally to the majestic surroundings of the Westminster Abbey was the Swedish soprano Alice Babs. "The Lord's Prayer; My Love" is a song of praise that only Ellington could have written and only Miss Babs could have sung, simply and with quiet forcefulness, as she did on October 24, 1973. The mood stays with her right through to the finalizing "The Majesty of God," in which Harry Carney, on baritone sax, made one of the most eloquent musical statements of his long life. None of the material duplicates anything contained in the album derived from the Second Sacred Concert in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It is all consistently of the same high creative quality.

Michel Legrand: Recorded Live at Jimmy's (RCA). Phil Woods, saxophonist supreme, and the songs of Michel Legrand have an affinity cast into a permanent bond by the warmth and response of the composer's own piano playing in these tracks recorded "live" in a New York nightspot. Joining in, from time to time, on such Legrand favorites as "You Must Believe in Spring" (from *The Young Girls of Rochefort*) and "I Will Wait for You" (*The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*) are Ron Carter (bass), Grady Tate (drums), and George Davis (guitar).

Nino Rota: Federico Fellini's Amarcord. (RCA). Few sound tracks are as instantly listenable, and likable, as this one. Nino Rota (*La Dolce Vita, 8½*) is a master at the craft of mood setting, to the point of creating a score that stimulates a desire to see the film. The title music is a melodic gem, the cross references to "Stormy Weather" and "La Cucaracha" engaging, and the parody of Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance" ("The Emir and His Odalisques") good enough for its composer to enjoy.

I.K.

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

Chronicle of Involvement

The War in Vietnam—"A continuing deceit practiced on the American public."

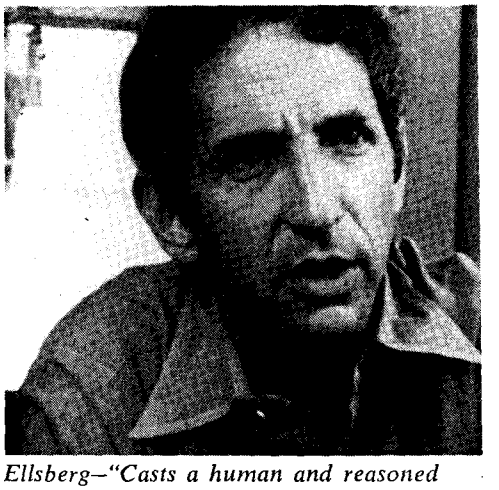
"Vietnam was like a movie that had gotten out of hand: gigantic cost overruns, a shooting schedule run amok, squabbles on the set and back in the studio, the first *auteur* dying with most of the script still in his head, the second quitting in disgust, and the last swearing it was finally in the can, but still sneaking back to shoot some extra scenes."

I take the quotation from *Looking Away*, a just-published book by Julian Smith on Hollywood and its treatment of the war in Vietnam. The book is remarkably replete with research, almost too well written in that it charms as well as appalls, and it reveals how our film industry managed to almost totally avoid dealing with our Vietnamese involvement, other than with the stupidly simplistic *The Green Berets*. Books, on the other hand, have dealt with the involvement trenchantly and well, as this one does with many of its pointed asides, and it is to literature rather than to the mass arts of movies and television that we can give some credit for the mounting national disillusionment and disgust that led eventually to what can only be termed a severely limited "peace." (I'm well aware of the television news coverage of the war, but Smith points out that popular program fare was singularly lacking in references to the war.)

However, my reason for borrowing Smith's words is that they describe with some accuracy a documentary, *Hearts and Minds*, two years in the making, that sadly and vividly reveals the staggering mess this country was gotten into by its elected leaders. The film, nearly two hours long, is in a certain sense a Hollywood film, in that it was produced by Bert Schneider, a youngish man who also produced such excellent films as *The Last Picture Show* and *Five Easy Pieces*. Its director is Peter Davis, whose documentary for CBS, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, got him scathing criticism from Spiro Agnew, among others. Smith exempts the documentary film field from the general failure to deal with Vietnam. There have been several other documentaries over the past decade or so, among them *A Face of War* and *In the Year of the Pig*, but *Hearts and Minds* is the most detailed, revealing, and sobering of them all. It is by far the most serious and thought-provoking attempt yet made in film to understand both our psychological and political involvement.

Davis found that to gain some understanding of what became a largely American war, he had to go back not 10 years, or 15, but 25, to policies first delineated by Truman, augmented by Eisenhower, carried on by Kennedy, brought to fullfillment by Johnson, and finally de-escalated, with sporadic re-escalations, by Nixon. What emerges shockingly from the film is not so much the sorry record of error and miscalculation, but the continuing deceit practiced on the American public by every one of the five Presidents mentioned. Is *deceit* too strong a word? See for yourself the clips of statements by Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon—how windy in retrospect appear the words in their public speeches.

DAVIS TOOK HIS CAMERAS to the war while it was still in progress; he also takes them to such figures as the hawkish Walt Rostow (who has protested his appearance in the film, but who can be seen and heard defending his policies and claiming that a larger military effort might have turned the tide); to the former Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, who tellingly explains his 180-degree turn to opposition to the war; to General Westmoreland, who blandly ruminates on how little the Vietnamese people value their



Ellsberg—"Casts a human and reasoned light on what went so abysmally wrong."

own lives and life itself; to war veterans; and to released war prisoners. He shows us asinine "patriotic" parades on main streets supporting the war and the struggle against the Communist menace and worldwide conspiracy. He cuts in Sen. Joseph McCarthy, exhorting us to get involved in Indochina before the Communist hordes reach the American mainland, and contrasts that with another clip showing Sen. Eugene McCarthy exhorting us to end the involvement. True patriots, by the way, pronounce *Communist* as "commonist."

The film was shown nearly a year ago at the Cannes Film Festival, and it took a good many months before it was pre-

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FILM NOTES

Shampoo. Warren Beatty produced, co-wrote, and takes the lead role in this saga of a Beverly Hills hairdresser who finds his clients irresistibly attractive and who are irresistibly attracted in turn. The action, much of it erotic, takes place on and around Election Day, 1968, with perhaps some symbolic intent: The decline of personal morality is presumably to be equated with the decline of political morality. Deeper significances aside, the film does have some sharp observation of the folkways of one of the richest communities in the world and of a young man successful in sex, but much less so at making his way in the financial realm. Beatty's performance is convincing, but his own hairstyle is not up to what he does for his clients. These include Julie Christie as a rich man's mistress, Lee Grant as the same rich man's wife, and Goldie Hawn as an actress in commercials. The hairdresser betrays them, one and all, but does not in the end find happiness. The clever, humorous direction is by Hal Ashby, but toward the end the film loses its audience hold; the people are simply not worth caring about all that much.

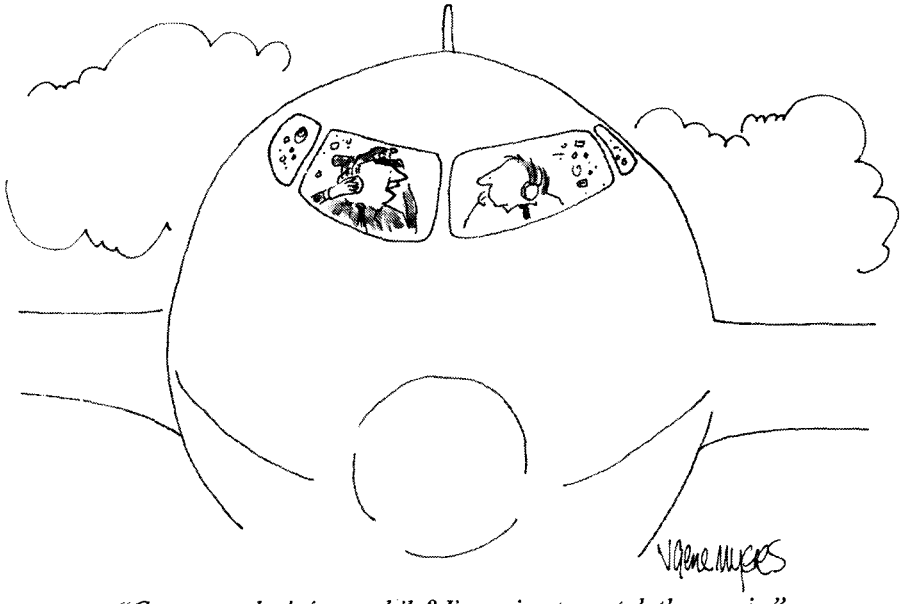
The Stepford Wives. The frail notion of this expertly directed chiller (by Bryan Forbes from the Ira Levin novel) is that somewhere in Connecticut the husbands of Stepford have united to turn their wives into contented robots who love to cook, to clean, to coddle their husbands in bed, and whose conversation is the language of TV soap and diaper commercials. It is Katharine Ross who gets on to the dreadful plot, managed through developments in computer technology and biochemistry. Will Ms. Ross, inclined toward women's lib, escape her dire fate? Will Paula Prentiss be able to rouse the robot wives in consciousness-raising sessions? The suspense is mild at first but gains in intensity. It is when the nasty secret is at last revealed that the film falls apart. Just too farfetched. But Forbes does manage a few scary moments and gives it all a veneer of style.

And Now My Love. Two people meet and fall in love. But that's the very end of this long, nostalgic, and often charming film by Claude Lelouch (of *A Man and a Woman* fame). Until the end, the two lovers don't meet at all. Instead their lives and origins are traced from the moment that Louis Jean Lumière introduces his motion-picture camera. That's around the turn of the century. We're then taken through World Wars I and II, parents are born, their babies are born and grow up, the girl becomes the inheritor of a huge shoe industry, the boy makes his way from being a sneak thief to doing a jail term, during which he learns photography and eventually develops into an important film director. Each leads a separate life, obviously right for each other and fated to meet, until at last. . . . Meanwhile Gilbert Bécaud sings his songs at sumptuous parties in Paris and in music halls, his last one being . . . you've guessed it. Lelouch includes some delightful vignettes about the rise of the art of film and treats his story with sentiment and a pleasant lack of solemnity, though now and then his characters are given the kind of sententiously meaningful lines that young French directors have a way of perpetrating in their films. H.A.

miered—fittingly—in Washington, D.C. Now it has begun to move slowly through the country, released by Warner Brothers in spite of a national wish to forget the whole experience. Ironically, it premiered just as President Ford was asking Congress to add a half-billion dollars to our Vietnamese aid, which is currently $2 billion a year. Several members of Congress were present at the premiere, but not Henry Kissinger or other key figures, who might have found it interesting and instructive.

THE FILM BY NO MEANS clears up the dilemma of Vietnam. The peace forged by Nixon and Kissinger has, after all, proven illusory. But there is still news value in clips that show the former Premier of France, Georges Bidault, testifying that the then-Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, offered him two atomic bombs ("not one, not three," stated Bidault) to help him end the French war in Indochina, and a former President of Vietnam playing a tape that has recorded Gen. Maxwell Taylor, in a phone call from Washington, ordering him to resign and leave the country, which he did.

Yet the principal emotional force of *Hearts and Minds* comes from the scenes of devastation created, with seeming lack of discrimination, by our bombers in both North and South, of bewildered peasants attempting to clutch a last possession or two from their burned-out huts in "Free Fire Zones," of a small boy weeping disconsolately over the grave of his father, of a mother attempting to bury herself in the same grave in which her son lies, of paralyzed and legless veterans, of returned pilots explaining that they merely went about their duties, oblivious of what happened when the bombs exploded. There is more in *Hearts and Minds*, a great deal more, and oddly, it is Daniel Ellsberg, at one point collapsing into tears, who manages to cast a human and reasoned light on what went so abysmally wrong. For the most part, though, it is up to the viewer to add it all up into some personal meaning. I doubt that anyone seeing it can stay asleep any longer. □



"Can you take it for a while? I'm going to watch the movie."

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Theater

by Barbara Mackay

Off-Beat Off-Broadway Musicals

Maybe it's the promise of economic disasters to come, coupled with a native American belief that you can "tap, tap, tap your troubles away" while singing "a little sunshine song": If we can't whistle while we work, the reasoning goes, we might as well sing (or let ourselves be sung to) after a hard day on the unemployment line. Whatever the explanation, there's been an explosion of musicals in New York City this winter.

Not that there are new *My Fair Ladys* cropping up in every third theater. Many of the musicals had the assembly-line look, apparently having been slapped together in a hurry to feed the music-hungry. One night's tunes and lyrics sounded remarkably like the previous night's, assuming you could remember them. Many producers seem less interested in backing shows of quality than in capitalizing on currently popular issues: At the moment, homosexuality is second only to nostalgia.

Beyond their shared themes and mediocrity, these musicals have an even deeper common bond: No matter what idea they are exploiting, what life-style they are extolling, or what era they are re-creating, the new New York musicals turn whatever they touch into fluff. Everything from slavery to sadomasochism is romanticized and delivered up in cosmeticized packages of song and dance for easy audience consumption.

It's as though Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill had never existed, as though America had reverted to its own past, when musicals reflected a safe, orderly world where the corn was as high as an elephant's eye and there were always seven brides waiting to cook and sew for seven brothers.

But Brecht and Weill did exist, and their collaborations are proof that "the musical" does not have to be synonymous with escapism and sentimentality, that the combination of play and music affords a perfect medium for political and social comment.

Yet *Shenandoah*, one box-office hit, was nothing but a medley of sentimental tunes punctuated by chitchat and outrageous idealism. The closest thing to a political statement in *Shenandoah*—and in the Broadway musical theater for that matter—is a Confederate farmer's rabid apolitical individualism.

Since Broadway seems to be involved in a little theatrical Watergate, covering up anything that smacks of reality and contemporary social problems, it's quite natural that America's high priest of antiseriousness and camp, Andy Warhol, should dabble in theater, producing an enormous Broadway hoax, *Man on the Moon*, which lasted for only five performances. Ostensibly a children's show, *Man on the Moon* in fact appealed more to a coterie of Warhol's fans. Children may indeed mature faster these days, but what nine-year-old needs to see Monique van Vooren, her neckline plunging, her skirt slit from floor to waist, climbing all over the handsome young hero's lap? And what five-year-old can relate to a mother's advice to her daughter on growing up: "Show a little more leg"? At the special children's matinee I attended, the children in the audience were noticeably quiet throughout the show, while songs like "Girls" ("Girls will run around in your head/ Till you wished you liked boys instead") got plenty of applause and hoots from the male couples in the audience.

Though *Man on the Moon* was something of an oddity on Broadway, Andy Warhol has not yet taken over for David Merrick, and the majority of off-beat musicals are still found Off- and Off-Off-Broadway. Most of these shows don't pretend to be anything but light entertainment and often are organized around a theme instead of having a plot.

Diamond Studs, for instance—a production of the Chelsea Theater Center of Brooklyn—has drawn large crowds to the spare Westside Theater, on Ninth Avenue and Forty-third Street. It is loosely built around the story of Jesse James's exploits: The dates and places in Jesse's life are simply announced, and little scenes are acted out to portray the events that led to his death.

Diamond Studs is less a play than an excuse for some excellent bluegrass music, performed by the Red Clay Ramblers and the Southern States Fidelity Choir, most of whose members hail from North Carolina and are involved with folk music for the love of it. Now

Diamond Studs—*"Less a play than an excuse for excellent bluegrass music."*

that their show is a box-office success, they're playing for money as well as fun, but before this, *Diamond Studs'* cast earned their livings in a variety of ways: One actor owned a natural-foods restaurant, the mandolin player worked in a public library, the banjo picker taught philosophy, and the drummer was painting houses and minding hogs before coming north.

Diamond Studs' appeal depends as much on the atmosphere in the theater as on the production itself. By removing the usual rows of chairs and moving the stage to the side of a rectangular room, the Chelsea has created the rough illusion of a nineteenth-century Missouri barroom—an illusion that is helped considerably by the non-illusory bar in the lobby. Small wooden tables and chairs cluster around the stage, and bar girls sashay and cakewalk through the audience. Since they were coached by well-known choreographer Patricia Birch, these girls are undoubtedly the most professional sashayers and cakewalkers in town.

As a play, or even as a musical, *Diamond Studs* leaves much to be desired. But its washboard, harmonica, and mandolin offer a lively alternative—assuming you like bluegrass—to the swoopy violins and ear-splitting electrified guitars of most current musicals.

ONE BLOCK FARTHER NORTH on Ninth Avenue is a tiny dinner theater, the Improvisation, tucked behind a bar in an unprepossessing building. One recent show there, *I'll Die If I Can't Live Forever*, was about a group of aspiring actors and actresses who find work—at the Improvisation, naturally. Most of the songs celebrated the dubious "joys" of

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Manhattan life, from pollution to perverts ("they're impetuous, incestuous, sometimes child-molestuous"), and there was some broader social satire, touching on Watergate, the American male's addiction to football, and inflation ("if I had the coinage, I'd keep you in sirloinage"). The show was bright and breezy and the closest New York has come to having a socially conscious revue.

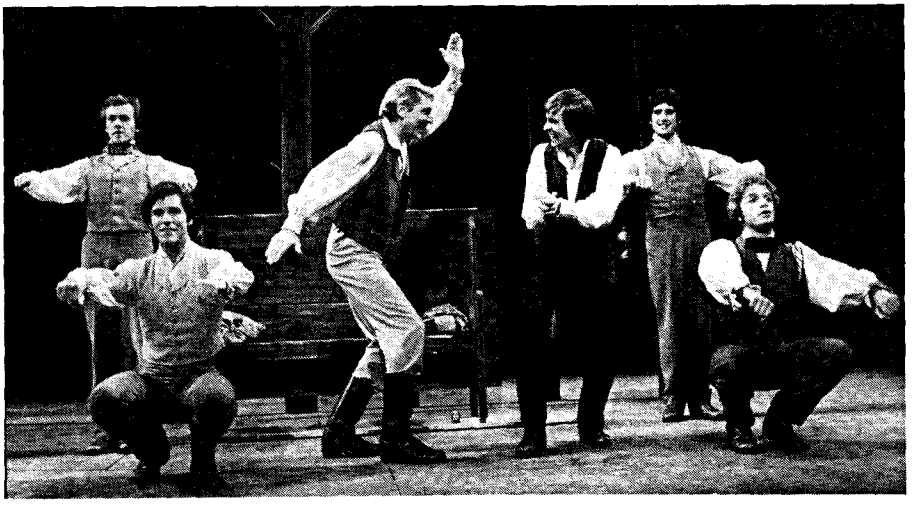
Like *Diamond Studs, I'll Die If I Can't Live Forever* made its appeal through simplicity: an unpretentious show in an unpretentious setting. The Improvisation's bare walls are covered with old movie posters, its spotlights are hung in open view, its stage is nothing more than a cleared space at one end of a low-ceilinged, rectangular room.

Just the opposite combination existed at the Little Hippodrome—a posh East Side dinner theater with a raised stage at one end of a large room where candlelit tables cover the plushly carpeted main floor and balcony—with its recent *In Gay Company*, as polished as its surroundings, and just as undistinctive. Four men in black velvet suits and one woman in a long white gown appeared on a bare stage, backed up by two pianos, then proceeded through a series of costumes and songs about homosexuality in New York City: looking for dates ("cruising") in public lavatories ("Take a trip to the Cloisters/Do it medievally/But don't cruise the men's room/On the BMT"), the recent controversy among firemen about homosexuality ("I think we found a fairy in the firehouse"), love among the hard hats and in movie houses.

In spite of its familiar tunes and forgettable lyrics, *In Gay Company* did have a double distinction: First, it was one of the most sexist sexual-liberation shows in New York. The woman in the cast was a hefty, unglamorous girl (definitely outclassed by the gorgeous boys she worked with) who sang a victimization number about a woman in love with a gay man. Second, by using the most accessible, cosmeticized, clichéd images to illustrate the "gay scene," *In Gay Company* turned the very idea of homosexuality into a glossy farce, either hopelessly romantic or just pathetic: One of the cast members singing a duet with a past lover about the sad passage of time seemed a garish parody of himself, his blue eye shadow and heavy makeup emphasizing the wrinkles on his face.

Sour grapes this all may be: Women were outnumbered about 20 to 1 on the Saturday night I saw the show, and many of the anti-female jokes seemed distinctly unfunny. Of course I was a latecomer and therefore something of an outsider: The rest of the audience, warmed by pre-, during-, and post-dinner drinks, was prepared to laugh at nearly anything. But I suspect that many gay males would also have objected to *In Gay Company*'s depiction of homosexuality as one continuous vaudeville act.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR of a nondescript business building in a downtown Manhattan commercial district, the Urban Arts Corps's production of *The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland* puts both the snide humor of *In Gay Company* and the expensive sets of *Shenandoah* to shame. Using only 5 musicians, 14 young singers and dancers, and 3 wooden platforms in a small room with uncovered brick walls, *The Ups and Downs* is a lighthearted comedy about a wealthy old man and his young bride in Jamaica.



Friedman-Abeles
John Cullum (center) in Shenandoah—*"Sticking our heads deeper into the sand."*

The songs, written by Micki Grant (who wrote the long-running Broadway hit *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*), are simple, lively concoctions of American rock and Jamaican folk tunes. Though some of the lyrics are questionable—I remember something about a mosquito "fluttering" by—most of the numbers are at least as good as current popular rock songs, especially the lively calypso number "Belly Bust": "Eat, drink and be merrymaking/ Don't save a crust/ We're gonna leave an empty can for the garbage man/ Before good food waste—belly bust."

The Ups and Downs is an admittedly limited production, a romanticization of Jamaican life, which is a distinct contradiction of the militantly relevant productions that minority groups provided during the last decade. (It's a change of attitude that's under fire now, especially since a number of black and Puerto Rican "name" actors and actresses work in shows that have little, if any, redeeming social value: Rita Moreno in *The Ritz* and Raul Julia in *Where's Charley?*) Before the show begins, the artistic director of the Urban Arts Corps, Vinnette Carroll, explains that instead of doing a show about the politics or social problems of Jamaica, or yet another inner-city musical, the group (mainly black and Puerto Rican) chose the picture-postcard approach. Since world events are so bizarre, instead of trying to compete with the super-drama of the 6 o'clock news, the Urban Arts Corps deliberately decided that it should entertain rather than instruct or revolutionize.

But at least the Urban Arts Corps provides jobs for actors and musicians during the lean winter months. And, until an American Brecht and Weill come along to deliver us from escapism, I'll take *The Ups and Downs* over *Shenandoah* any day. At least Micki Grant's characters aren't based on the ostrich effect. When her young black girl sings "I'm a fine young thing," she's celebrating a blend of personal, feminine, and racial pride. When John Cullum in *Shenandoah* croons "Papa's gonna make it alright," he's sticking our heads deeper into the sand. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 29* (see page 32): It is a principle of human nature to hate those whom you have injured. Tacitus

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 28): leis, isle, lies.

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FELD: La Danse, C'est Moi?

Martha Swope

Feld—The arrogant outlaw in A.B.T.'s Billy the Kid.

by Walter Terry

Genius. Rare talent. A gift for potential. What do we ordinary mortals owe those with these extra endowments? Richard L. Coe, the distinguished drama critic and columnist of *The Washington Post*, and I were talking recently about the scarcity of creative talent (there is an abundance of performing talent) in the theater arts, particularly in the field of choreography. "Whenever you come upon it," he said, "you must nurture it. Everyone must nurture it. All of us who work in the arts must nurture—hell! I guess I even mean 'nurse 'em'—the ones who have talent." I agree. But is there not a distinct difference between nurturing and pampering? I think so. And Eliot Feld is being pampered.

When there is lots of money floating around, no one needs to be concerned with pampering; for although too much bounty is likely to harm the pampered, it gives a nice feeling of *noblesse oblige* to the pamperers. But money is tight and getting tighter in the field of performing arts. We have lost, have nearly lost, and may well be in the process of losing dance assets of great importance to the American dance scene (*SR*, January 25). The National Ballet of Washington, D.C., was permitted to go under, after 12 years of increasingly distinguished service to ballet in our capital and in our nation.

The most recent reports from the San Francisco Ballet are encouraging—if one calls assurance of survival through the next six months encouraging. The board of directors of this 30-year-old American ballet landmark were ready to throw in the towel last fall. But the dancers would not give up. As I reported earlier, they danced in the streets. Now, Michael Smuin, the troupe's associate artistic director, tells me that the half-million-dollar deficit has almost been made up, thanks to gifts ranging from a little girl's 87 cents weekly allowance (which she donated for several weeks) to an anonymous $50,000 gift. Even people on welfare gave welcome pittances.

The Ford Foundation is cutting its performing-arts grants drastically; the Harkness Foundation is slashing back to the point of disbanding (later this year) the Harkness Ballet. And some of our most prestigious and inarguably important dance institutions, such as the Martha Graham Dance Company, the American Ballet Theatre, and the New York City Ballet, to name the three top ones, are facing financial distress and, possibly, disaster.

This, then, is a time for consolidation, not expansion. Yet the Eliot Feld Ballet, which it is now called, was given a second try (in its first guise it was named, with winning modesty, the American Ballet Company, since Feld apparently felt that George Balanchine's history-making American Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre were of little historical significance) last year with a whopping grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. The explanation offered by a Rockefeller spokesman was that the 32-year-old Feld is "a great American artist who must work in the context of his own company." Why? Because Eliot Feld wants his own company—that's why. And because someone at the Rockefeller Foundation is willing to pamper him.

So who is this Eliot Feld who, a year ago, received a $35,000 development grant and a $225,000 matching grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, a $15,000 Shubert grant, free use of a theater for two engagements a year at the Public Theater, and facilities, when available, at the Vivian Beaumont Theater, office space and the like, courtesy of Joseph Papp of the New York Shakespeare Festival?

Eliot is a brilliant product of New York City's remarkable High School of Performing Arts. He was, and is, a brilliant dancer, especially an actor-dancer. In 1967 he gave to the world a brilliant new choreographer: himself. Everyone was ecstatic over *Harbinger*, produced by the company that had nurtured him, the American Ballet Theatre. He followed this with another smash success, *At Midnight*, for the A.B.T. I found it a pleasure to write in *SR* (December 23, 1967) about "one of the most exciting and original choreographic talents to emerge in American ballet since Jerome Robbins made his choreographic debut."

In 1969 Feld's American Ballet Company came into being under the auspices of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, as a co-recipient with Merce Cunningham and Alvin Ailey and their companies, of Rockefeller funds, and with help from both the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts. It was easy to be direct and to say "an important American company has come into vibrant being," even while questioning the advisability of forming a new company when there were already too many hard-pressed groups.

Why did Feld leave the company that had nurtured him, that had honored him both as dancer and choreographer? In *Ballet Review* (Vol. 3, No. 6, 1971), he answered this question: "Because they wouldn't make me director of the company. They wouldn't give me the whole company to do with what I liked." Feld also analyzed, in the same publication, his own importance to one of the major ballet institutions of our era, the American Ballet Theatre: "When I started choreographing for B.T., they hadn't had a successful new ballet in years." He clarified this point by saying, "Ballet Theatre without its *Swan Lake* and *Giselle* and Natalia Makarova would be zero. Absolutely zero." The American Ballet Theatre repertory, it need hardly be pointed out, includes Balanchine, Robbins, Tudor, de Mille, Ashton, Bournonville, MacMillan, Massine, Fokine, Ailey, Limón . . . Need I go on? He did have a kind word for one choreographer other than himself: "I think Petipa was really quite good."

So the American Ballet Theatre, which

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had nurtured him but had not capitulated to him, was not right for his talent. He tried working with other companies. He made *Meadowlark*, a lovely, sunny classical ballet, for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. But it was finished only because the Royal dancers had protested Feld's behavior vehemently and had threatened to strike. It was only then that their director told his guest choreographer to behave or leave. The trials and tribulations of the Royal Swedish Ballet with Feld's tantrums, demands, and behavior were narrated to me by that troupe's director in a list of Feld outrages that outdid Agatha Christie in matters of suspense. And so it has gone with other companies.

Is such behavior shocking? Not really. Only the most naive would think that great artists are nice people. Usually they are not. It is probably safe to say that more tears have been shed in Robbins or Tudor rehearsals than at all the viewings of the TV soap serial *As the World Turns*. So the fact that Feld has gone from an *enfant terrible* to just plain *terrible* is not of great moment. What is important is that Robbins, as difficult as he is—sometimes almost impossible—can choreograph successfully for companies other than the New York City Ballet (his home base under the Balanchine aegis), as can Tudor, and almost any other choreographer you care to name.

It is easy to say, "Well, if Martha Graham has her own company, why shouldn't Eliot?" Graham started a company of her own in the Twenties because she had invented a new way of dance, and only her own trainees could perform what she created. Dancers then, and up to recently, were likely to be specialists in some technique, style, or phase of dance. No longer. Today, we have total dancers. In almost any professional ballet company, Feld can find dancers capable of doing his bidding. Certainly, he had them in the American Ballet Theatre—he even took some of them with him.

One major dance writer, when the Eliot Feld Ballet received its Rockefeller *largesse*, suggested that it was a calculated esthetic gamble and indicated that it would probably pay off. It had better. Feld now has everything he has asked for (well, not quite; I am sure there is more, but I dread to think what), and the masterpieces should flow. They haven't yet. *Harbinger, At Midnight, Intermezzo, Theatre* (wonderful when Feld plays Pierrot in it), and one or two more came earlier in his career. But lately there have been misses, more than would have happened if he had been disciplined by specific commissions from other companies, thus reducing demands on his choreographic output and general energy.

THE NEWEST FELD BALLET, *The Real McCoy*, a tribute to Gershwin with a Cole Porter title and with two dancers and a mobile *chaise*, could have been tossed off in an afternoon by any good hack dance arranger. It was months in preparation. That costs money. *The Gods Amused*? Why not ask Balanchine for his great *Apollo* instead? Some other Feld creations have been abandoned or retired, perhaps because they did not attain a Petipa level of "quite good."

As the months roll by in 1975 and into our celebration for 1976, in dance as well as in the other arts, we shall hope that the Rockefeller gamble pays off, that it was right to dismiss Feld's nurturing by some of the great existing dance troupes of the world and to give him the pampering he demanded, the pampering due one who apparently feels he has no living (and few dead) choreographic peers. For if such American monies are wasted, then we must mourn even more deeply the passing of the National Ballet and others that may falter and fail when such monies might have saved them for longer periods of dedicated and vital service to the dance in America.

Yes, Eliot Feld will have to prove himself to be God's gift to ballet if the ballet profession is to put up with his demand for funds with which to do exactly as he pleases, with his impossible behavior when he guests with distinguished companies, with his arrogance, and with examples of rudeness that are too crude to report. If he is, in truth, a genius, none of this will matter. If he is simply a pampered pet, he may well merit the description that my drama colleague Walter Kerr once leveled at a remarkably confident person who had brought to Broadway a show which he had written, which he had directed, in which he had starred—it sticks in my mind that he had also composed music and lyrics—and which bombed. Mr. Kerr's comment, as I recall, was "I fear that this young man has delusions of adequacy." □

CAPSULE COMMENTS

Valery and Galina (Ragozina) Panov, who were released from the U.S.S.R. following two years of harassment because of their request to emigrate to Israel (*SR/W*, September 21, 1974), finally made their joint U.S. debut February 4, 1975, in a gala benefit for Soviet Jewry in Philadelphia's vast sports arena, The Spectrum. About 10,000 people—balletomanes, reporters, the curious, and, in force, members of American-Jewish communities—assembled on a snowy night to see the world's most publicized man-and-wife ballet duo dance brief excerpts from their repertory supported and augmented by purely musical numbers by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra led by Robert Zeller, a conductor noted around the world for his adept and vivid musical support of dance performances.

A platform, with a floor and a covering especially prepared for the dancers, was set up at one end of The Spectrum. There were no concealed wings (ramps were used) and no proscenium, and the lighting, in truth, was more suitable for an ice show than for classical ballet. Almost everyone had forgotten, if they ever knew, that Valery had made his American debut in 1959 under almost identical conditions in a catchall program of Russian Music and Dance at Madison Square Garden.

But both Galina and Valery trouped well in a far from ideal situation. They had a nervous start in the *grand pas de deux* (the male solo was omitted) from *The Nutcracker*, but from then on they soared toward their peak. Most fascinating was a duet from *The Lady and the Hooligan*, a ballet satire by Boyarsky to music of Shostakovich (it was interpreted as a nice girl, perhaps an insomniac out for a breath of evening air, and a friendly tramp). This piece presented Panov in the kind of role for which he has been praised, the character-dancer or, better, *le demi-caractère*; that is, an assignment that calls for great physical prowess, acting skill, but not the elegance of the dance cavalier or *premier danseur*. The two—and she is a real treasure as both an adorable performer and a virtuosa with lyrical refinements—were delightful in it. He did the "incarceration" scene from *Petrouchka* (in a mainly non-Fokine staging of the Stravinsky) with genuine poignancy, and the two wound up the gala with the prancing *pas de deux* from *Harlequin* (or *Les Millions d'Arlequin*) to music of Drigo and a dash of Delibes. Here were all the tricks—spins, leaps, and bravura caperings—that brought a cheering audience to its feet. The nerve-racking debut was over. Next, to find a place in a repertory company—perhaps their own in Israel (if such materializes), perhaps as world troupers.

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PINCHPENNY TRAVEL
a new vacation style for Americans

Not to feel bad. Everybody is cutting down. Only the other day Queen Elizabeth decided not to do over Sandringham House, her own private estate in Norfolk, 100 miles from London. It would have cost $600,000, and the Queen felt it would have been inappropriate, as a spokesman for the palace said, to "go ahead with the work at a time when many people are facing economic difficulties."

Strange to say, there were some indications of profligate spending by travelers last winter that psychologically minded travel executives termed a "doom-boom"—a spend-it-before-the-whole-thing-caves-in syndrome.

But beyond the doom-boomers and the freewheeling, card-carrying members of the Cadillac class, most American travelers are planning trips with more care, looking over alternate destinations, and counting the costs. "We are the *nouveau* poor," wails a suburban matron viewing the shrunken dollar and the ballooning costs.

That, to be sure, is stylish badinage. Americans are irrepressible roamers, and surely they are not about to stay home. They will find new means to go, different places to explore, and ways to see the sights in a more modest fashion. For them *SR* offers pinch-penny travel, the *nouvelle vague*—the wave of the future. Ila Stanger tells how to substitute, for the place of your dreams, a reasonable facsimile, David Butwin wanders down the less-expensive waysides of Europe, and Dena Kaye provides a directory of ways to spend a day almost anywhere—not on very little, but on nothing at all. *SR*'s portfolio is intended as an incentive to create a travel-planner of one's own design.

As if all this were not aid enough, there are some helpful advisories from the travel industry. A passenger traveling to or from Europe on the Cunard Line is entitled to a free trip across the Atlantic on British Airways and a flat half-price in any Inter-Continental or Cunard hotel in Europe. The airlines, both transatlantic and domestic, have come up with reduced fares (with some provisos). And a legislator has publicly suggested that if the price of an airline ticket were not regulated by the Civil Aeronautics Board, costs of a flight would go down.

Any other suggestions, short of launching a take-an-American-tourist-to-lunch campaign among Europeans, will be gratefully received. A beginner's guide to pinching the penny while peregrinating—not an easy hat-trick if you are new at it—appears on the following pages. H.S.

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...Or Reasonable Facsimile Thereof

It may prove to be a summer of compromises, so here are some suggested substitutions of places relatively near for exotic ones relatively far.

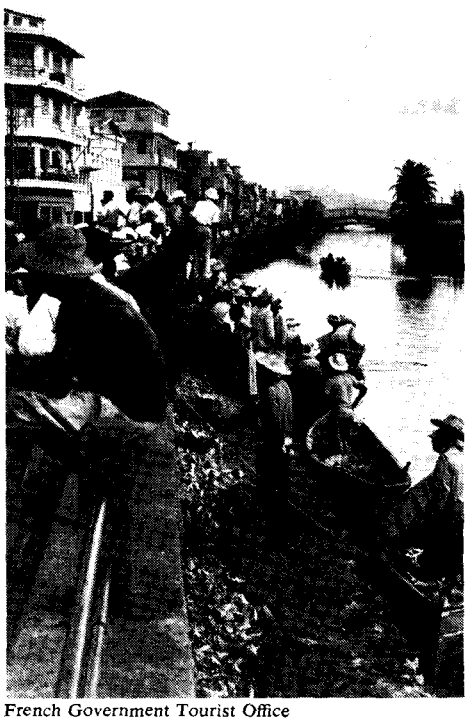
by Ila Stanger

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO DEAUVILLE, **go to Saratoga Springs,** N.Y., both with the feel of other centuries, both fashionable again—for the same great bloodlines, human and equine, when they're off to the races in a whirl of private parties, late-day chemises. And Saratoga has added excitement of an arts festival, when the horsey and holiday sets mix all through the summer. *Haute* culture with the New York City Ballet and a basic beat with rock concerts on the grass. For shades of Edna Ferber and the nineteenth century, stay at the Gideon Putnam Hotel, dine at The Wishing Well and a brand-new restaurant in the old Saratoga Fire House, and then take the mineral baths.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO HONG KONG OR KYOTO, **go to San Francisco,** which has the largest Oriental settlements outside of Asia. For quick atmosphere, visit the de Young Museum to see Avery Brundage's unsurpassed collection of Asian art. Then Chinatown: for sinuous alleyways, the sounds of staccato Chinese, and a view of a harbor as spectacular as Hong Kong's. Stop at Cameron House and the Historical Society; shop for spices and fabrics; pass telephone booths disguised as pagodas; and feast sumptuously at the Empress of China and Nam Yuen. Nihonmachi, or Japantown, an area of blessed serenity in the midst of urban chaos, is full of teahouses, tempura bars, shops, and restaurants in a spring blaze of cherry blossoms. Stay at the Japanese-modern Miyako, and eat at Suehiro or the enchanting Japanese tea garden, downtown, next to the de Young.

Silver dragon, San Francisco—Sinuous alleyways, spectacular harbor.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO ST. TROPEZ, **go to Martinique** for offhand chic, next year's fashions, the most minimal bikinis—or none at all—on the most attenuated bodies, local seafood in Creole sauces, and a link to royal French history as the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, around whom conflicting but always colorful island legends swirl. After a ferry ride across the Fort-de-France harbor, filled with fishing boats, one finds the Bakoua, carefree and very Gallic, and the new but pleasant Méridien hotels, sharing a beach. The Club Med is always packed with youngish types. For a feeling of the past, try La Vallée Heureuse, intimate and perfect, in the hills above Fort-de-France; it has an antique-filled restaurant, or Leyritz Plantation, deep in the countryside with pool, tennis, horseback riding, and Bordelaise cooking. Both establishments are run by old island families. In Fort-de-France, La Grand' Voile restaurant is the ultimate in Lyonnaise cuisine.



French Government Tourist Office

Rivière Madame, Martinique—Offhand chic, bikinis on attenuated bodies.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO SALZBURG, **go to Tanglewood,** Mass., for the late-summer festival, which fills the surrounding countryside with tunes of glory. The Boston Symphony holds forth, overlooking a ravishing lake, and you can sit sedately in the old shed or lie on the grass under the stars for the big concerts, drop in on the smaller ones, and then explore the archetypically New England towns of Stockbridge and Lenox, pristinely white against the cypress-green of the Berkshire Mountains. Arrange far in advance to stay at the Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge, and make side trips to Jacob's Pillow to catch up on the international crosscur-

Ila Stanger is a freelance writer and the feature and travel editor of Harper's Bazaar.

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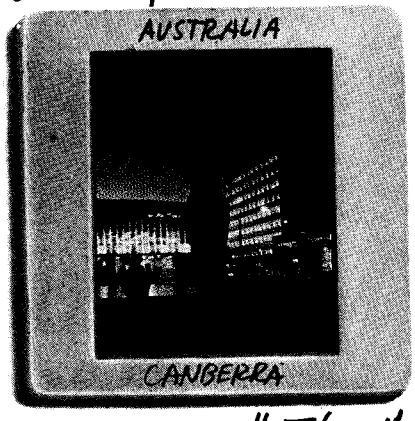
Dear Jill,

These are only 6 of Sydney's tourist attractions - there are lots more. And not only do they swim,

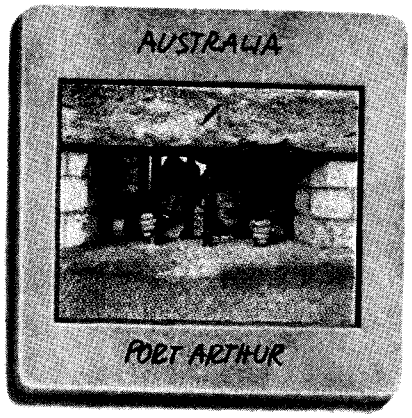
they talk too. Tearing ourselves from the scenery, we went to Canberra for a little "kulture". (In case you see mother.) We saw a fabulous



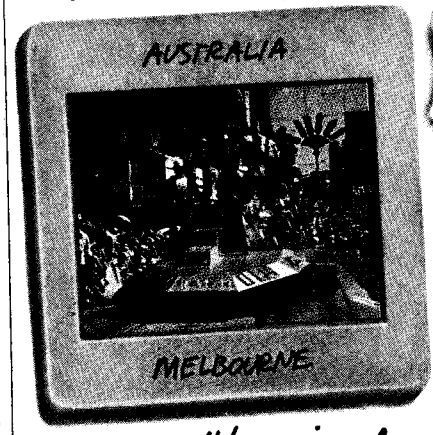
"Richard II". That's not me singing its praises... it's the Ethos statue outside the theater.

On to Hobart,

where we covered the waterfront, then drove to Port Arthur where they used to keep the convicts. No problem fitting into the local scene.



We escaped to Melbourne for the Moomba Festival.



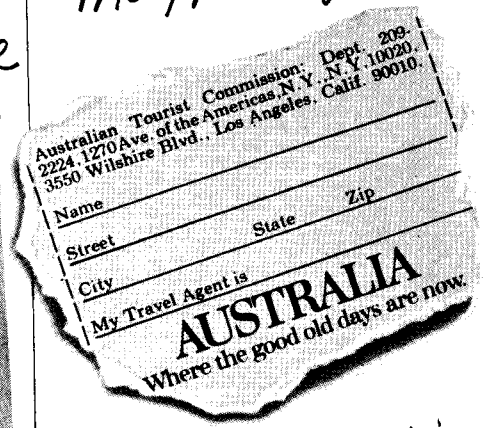
It means "having fun", and research proved it's no misnomer.

We're now recuperating in Queensland on this train we took

through tropical rain forests and sugar plantations.

The Aussies are the friendliest people ever - we may never come home.

Love from Australia,
Maggie & Sylvia



P.S. We found this coupon - thought you might like to send for info.

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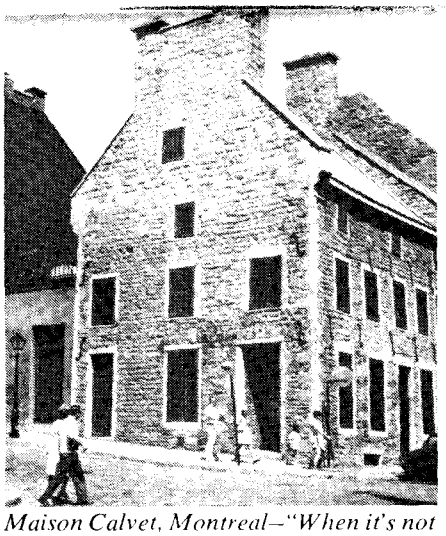

Maison Calvet, Montreal—"When it's not being super-English, it is very French."

rents of dance and see who's leaping where this season.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO ENGLAND, **go to Barbados** for the tradition and security of politesse, hushed voices, lovingly tended gardens, ties worn for dinner in 90-degree heat, splendid houses inhabited by ex- and present Englishpersons. The schooner-filled harbor, Bridgetown, has its miniature Trafalgar Square and harbor police dressed as Lord Nelson's sailors; cricket is played everywhere. The opulent hotels are Sandy Lane, with its famed golf course, and the posh Coral Reef Club. Evenings are quiet, with guests dancing at hotels or being invited home by the right people.

IF YOU CAN'T GO TO PARIS TO DINE, **go to Montreal,** surely one of the most civilized cities, and, when it's not being super-English, very French, especially in its artfully restored, cobblestoned old city in the shadow of skyscrapers and the twentieth century, and in its array of restaurants, where you can get first-rate French food without the sadistic pretension encountered in the motherland. For drinks go to Place Jacques Cartier in the old town and then to any of its crêperies or Québeçois restaurants. For true French cuisine, the best are Chez Bardet, lighted by a mellow peach glow and lots of money; La Saulaie, where the Establishment meet, as they do at Café Martin, to be served by what seem like old family retainers; Chez Pierre, for writers and filmmakers; and Le Petit Paris, where one meets one's mother for lunch. For French-speaking theater: Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, La Poudrière, and Le Rideau Vert.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO WEST AFRICA, **go to Haiti** for drumbeats in the dusk, verdant hillsides, the allure of African-based voodoo, an embattled history whose ironic high point is embodied in King Christophe's Citadel and the heritage of a sculptor's eye, and a strong sense of color and design as seen at the fine Centre d'Art. The craziest hotel is the Oloffson, the most determinedly sybaritic is the Habitation Leclerc, the coolest is El Rancho on a hilltop, and the newest is the beach front Kaloa.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO BOROBUDUR IN INDONESIA, **go to Palenque** in Mexico's Yucatán for splendid ruins that speak of lost civilizations more eloquently than any words. In the depths of steaming dark-green jungle, with just the sounds of insects buzzing as company, Palenque, though not so fully restored as the more renowned cities of Uxmal and Chichén Itzá, is by far the most exquisite, yielding its secrets of Mayan magnificence more reluctantly. It's reachable by plane and car from Mérida or Villahermosa, but distant; so perhaps it's best to stay near

Airborne Bargains, U.S.A.

Travelers on domestic flights have a variety of economizing plans from which to choose. Those who leave in the middle of the week are eligible for a 25 percent discount on regular coach fare provided that the trip lasts 7 to 30 days and covers 1,500 miles. A 20 percent discount is offered from June 15 through September 15 with the exception that no discount is available during major holidays. For night riders not averse to flying between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M., there is a 20 percent discount on regular coach fare any day of the year, and there is no required length of stay. Depending on the destination, up to 40 percent discount on regular coach fare is available if reservations are made 90 days in advance and full payment 45 days in advance. The airlines will advise the purchaser of the flight number and the time of departure 55 days in advance, and if the trip is canceled, the passenger forfeits only his $20 deposit. Everybody understand?

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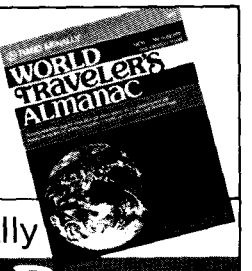

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the ruins at the ungrand but acceptable Hotel Palenque or La Cañada.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO BAYREUTH FOR THE WAGNER FESTIVAL, **go to Seattle** for 12 days of *sturm und drang,* high Cs, and low cost. The first Pacific Northwest Festival, July 15 through 27, will offer the complete Ring Cycle in German and English under the direction of the Seattle Opera's Henry Holt and with staging by George London. To mix ethnic metaphors, eat in Seattle's small and uncommercial Chinatown. See the extraordinary museum collections of Orientalia.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO THE RHINELAND VINEYARDS, **try California's Napa Valley** for undulating green hills burgeoning with grapes to be used in making some of the world's fine wines, vineyards, small and grand, cozy and super-modern, sites of the early missions where they made wine for sacramental purposes—they said. Set out from San Francisco, over the Golden Gate, by car, and stop and taste, and picnic, and taste along the way at Christian Brothers, Inglenook, Charles Krug. Or call ahead and arrange for lunch or dinner at Robert Mondavi's Vineyardroom. Stay overnight in Napa at Silverado and next day tour Sonoma, Sebastiani, Korbel Champagne Cellars, Buena Vista. Picnic or have lunch or dinner outdoors at Au Relais, or A La Toque and The Abbey.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO GREECE, **try Tarpon Springs,** Fla., near Tampa, a sponge-fishing community transplanted nearly whole from a Durrell story with a little all-American hard sell thrown in, all to the hypnotic strains of bouzoukia and the insinuating movements of belly dancers. Wander along the docks spilling with sponges for sale and see the Spongearama for everything you ever wanted to know about sponges but were not ever interested enough to ask. You can eat souvlaki at the Plaka Restaurant, dine seaside at Pappas', or drink retsina and Turkish coffee at Zorba's.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO THE SOUTH SEAS, **go to Puerto Vallarta,** Mexico, for carefully manicured adventure in the Pacific. Undeniably fashionable, P.V. still has jungle creeping down to the sea, miles of empty beach, and a sense that anything may happen—with all the comforts of home at the Posada Vallarta, a charming hotel on a long stretch of sand, or the romantic Garza Blanca, stretching down a precipitous cliff to its own white beach. The tiny town, bisected by a river where women still wash clothes (central casting?), is perfect for a sunset Margarita or late-night prowling at the piano bars. Take the ferry to Yelapa, like some flower-scented Polynesian out-island once you get away from the open-air restaurant and climb the hills to thundering waterfalls.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO MUNICH, **go to Milwaukee** for beer, bratwurst, and a certain strained Bavarian gaiety, brought here by the Germans mid-nineteenth century. They erected a reminiscently ornate city hall and established venerable breweries—Miller, Pabst, Schlitz, all open for tipsy inspection. In between trips to the Milwaukee Arts Center, the County Zoo, and walks along the parks lining Lake Michigan, drink and dine on German specialties at Karl Ratzch's amid beer steins and Bavarian decor, or Mader's in a *faux*-medieval castle, or any of the dining rooms at the John Ernst Café, or the Golden Zither, where the *mädchen* ply you with German song.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO MADRID, **go to Mexico City** for the same high-style formality and late-night dining in a setting of green parks and Indian vivacity. Bypass the big modern hotels and stay at the colonial Maria Cristina near the Paseo de la Reforma or the delightful Gran Hotel Ciudad de México, with glass-enclosed elevators like giant art nouveau birdcages, right on the Zócalo and popular with Mexicans and Spaniards. For dinner: Bellinghausen, German-accented but excellent Spanish food, El Parador, and the landmark Circulo Asturiano, for dishes as fine as any in Madrid and for a glimpse of authentic Spanish life, because it's also a club for high-born people from the Spanish province of Asturias.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS, **go to Vancouver Island,** British Columbia, with rock formations jutting into the sea and some of the most magnificent snow- and forest-blanketed scenery in the world, looking across Burrard Inlet at the mountain-ringed city of Vancouver, with its inspirational modern architecture and pleasant life-style. The island is covered with cascade-ringing provincial parks, rocky canyons, and minuscule hamlets. Its main city, Victoria, has the dowager Empress Hotel, where you can take high tea with pomp and ceremony, when you're not eating British Columbia's unsurpassed salmon.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO THE GREAT BARRIER REEF, **go to Cozumel,** in the Mexican Caribbean, for some of the best swimming and skin diving outside of the South Seas. Underwater, the world is a kaleidoscope of colors, baroque coral formations, turquoise ocean teeming with multitudes of fish. Above sea level, the island is flat and endearingly tacky with two excellent hotels, the modern El Presidente and the new-antique Cozumel Caribe. Boats leave from both with expert diving instructors to cruise around the island, docking at a glorious lagoon for a barefoot lunch of just-caught fish and lobster.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO DENMARK, **go to Solvang,** Calif., near Santa Barbara. That's what the Danes did when they left the Midwest in 1912 to found the city. You'll see small-town Danish architecture, hear Danish spoken in the streets, eat Scandinavian food—everything from smorgasbord to melting pastries. Stay at the King Frederik, the Royal Copenhagen, or Svendsgaard's Lodge for a taste of northern warmth. Try Ballard's Store for veal Oskar, Bit O'Denmark for open-faced sandwiches, and the Danish Inn for food in a windmill. For *après*-meals, stop in at Birkholm's Danish Bakery and Coffee Shop.

Bundles for Wheeler-Dealers

Look for complete packaged tours designed especially for the automobile traveler who vacations in the United States. The packages will include lodging, sightseeing, and perhaps some meals, all neatly bundled together. The days of the haphazard holidays, when the family just got in the car and drove off, are over. Or so says Discover America Travel Organizations, a group of agencies concerned with travel within the nation. They will hold their first National Travel Mart in the new New Orleans Superdome in late May. The purpose: to create domestic travel packages inside the United States.

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IF YOU CAN'T GET TO COSTA DEL SOL, **go to Acapulco.** There's the same mélange of hideous high rises, elegant houses—some pristine, some honky-tonk, people—some chic, most unredeemable, but somehow in Acapulco the contradictions work. Especially at Hotel Las Brisas, whose villas climb a hillside replete with a private zoo, so that you hear lions roar (languidly—this is Mexico) as you swim in your own pool by the light of the moon. To see who's in town, head for: Armando's for mediocre food and insults, then Le Club and the Roman extravaganza called Armando's Tennis and Racquet Club for people-watching.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO NORMANDY AND BRITTANY, **go to St. Barthélemy,** a tiny French Caribbean island, with the enigmatic atmosphere of those two windswept provinces of France transported to a sun-warmed sea. There's the same dependence on the water, the fierce determination to protect a disappearing heritage—Norman and Breton names, women in calèches, calvaries along the road, a cemetery (some say the liveliest spot on St. Bart's) with tombstones that hark back to French ancestors. A closed society but open enough to admit two hotels: Village St. Jean on white-sand beach and the antique-laden Les Castelets, pinned to a mountaintop. The Yacht Club is for drinks and gossip.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO EASTER ISLAND, **go to Villahermosa,** in the Tabasco section of Mexico, with the enormous Olmec heads, as monumental and unrevealing as those of Easter Island, stone remnants of cultures lost to time. Drive south from Veracruz to Villahermosa, a misty and palm-filled town with two extraordinary museums, second only to the Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City. The indoor Museum de Tabasco is filled with pre-Hispanic treasures, and the outdoor museum is littered, rather haphazardly, with the powerful pre-Mayan Olmec heads and other astounding works in stone, in an attempt to re-create the La Venta jungle where they were first found. The Parador Hotel is new, and the San Rafael is from a grade-B movie.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO THE SWISS ALPS, **try Banff and Jasper,** Canada's national parks of placid valleys, crystalline lakes, serpentine rivers, and dense forests in the shadow of white glaciers and green mountains. In the midst of all this jagged splendor are hotels as expertly run as those in Switzerland: Banff Springs, looking out at snowy peaks, Château Lake Louise, whose lawn sweeps down to the lake, and Jasper Park Lodge.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO NAPLES, **go to Little Italy** in New York City for the September Festival of San Gennaro, when the streets fill with people, music coming from record shops such as Carosella Musicale, and the pungent odors of regional cooking—everything from scungilli to cannoli, eaten in any order that amuses you. For sit-down dining at any time of year in this landmark neighborhood, try the Grotta Azzura—only for committed and unruffled eaters—where you wait on line for the deep-fried zucchini and lobster *fra diavolo* falling enthusiastically over the edge of mammoth platters. For mid-afternoon or after-theater, there's Ferrara's for espresso and sublime sweets, or the lesser-known, but authentic Café Roma.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO THE CHATEAUX OF THE LOIRE VALLEY, **go to Newport,** R.I., for our own tentative aristocracy's pleasure palaces. Turn-of-the-century cottages with the simplest amenities—pink marble, glittering crystal, dazzling bronzes, acres of land and passels of servants, a world that is past for all but a very few who still summer here. Open for the peasants: The Vanderbilts' Breakers, rising above the Atlantic like a fortress, Marble House, and the Elms, all magnificently preserved visions of *nouveau* splendor. You can visit Newport Casino and stroll along Cliff Walk to gaze longingly down at Bailey's Beach, where the rich still sport. For vicarious living, stay at Shamrock Cliff House, a converted seaside mansion.

IF YOU CAN'T GET TO 14 COUNTRIES IN 8 DAYS, **go to Madison,** Wis., and then head for the small towns of: New Glarus, founded by the Swiss in the nineteenth century and now Swiss to its cheese-making fingertips, with the Chalet of the Golden Fleece telling Swiss tales and a William Tell Festival every Labor Day; near Blue Mounds, Little Norway is a reproduction of a Norwegian pioneer cabin; and Mineral Point is a fascinating Cornish settlement in the midst of Scandinavian dairy country. Immigrants came from Cornwall in the early nineteenth century to work the rich mines and built Cornish cottages that still stand, one of which, Pendarvis House, offers, by advance reservation, Cornish delights. □

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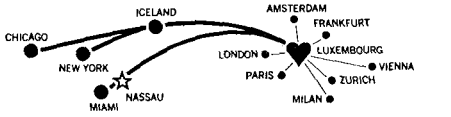

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Off-Trail in Europe

Long before devaluation and inflation, travelers were being urged to skirt the capitals and try the back roads. A trailblazer offers these proposals:

by David Butwin

EAST ANGLIA: Norfolk and Suffolk counties, northeast of London. Haunting salt-flat landscapes, lively holiday resorts like Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton, and, best of all, perfectly preserved weaving (woolen) towns, such as Long Melford, Lavenham, and Nayland with its thirteenth-century churches. Plenty of country inns, costing less than $15, double. John Constable country. Fashionable horse racing at Newmarket, where animals exercise on the village green.

WEXFORD, CORK, SLIGO: Irish counties burgeoning with small farms that put up guests overnight, inexpensive and accessible from Dublin. Full board only $50 a week—or $7 a day—and the meals aren't slight. Parents can tour while children meet animals. Wexford farms are popular with budget-conscious British; in Cork, see Old Head of Kinsale, where the *Lusitania* was sunk in 1915; Sligo is rich in Yeats associations.

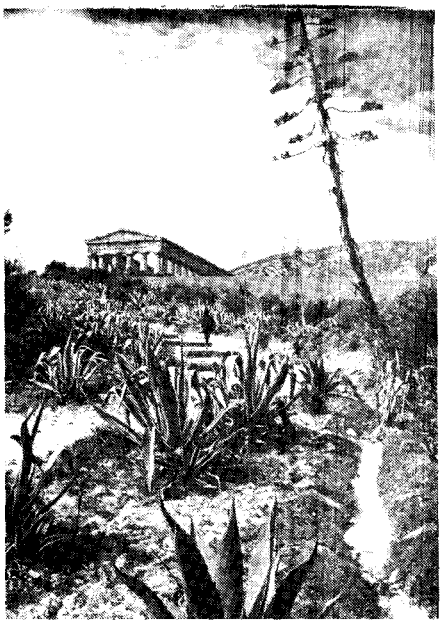
PÔRTO: Port wine center of Portugal, 175 miles north of Lisbon. Tour wine caves, dip into Pôrto's tripe dishes, sunbathe on surrounding Green Coast. Ofir, a pine-fringed beach town, and neighboring Fao are fine for nesting. Or strike inland through Minho province, where carpets, blankets, and lace are made. An open market moves from town to town each day; just ask. Minho has a half-dozen of Portugal's 23 *pousadas* (inns), $11, double, including breakfast, $16 to $18 tops.

GALICIA: Northwest corner of Spain. Camellias and orange trees, palms and gardenias in Pontevedra and Vigo. Seafood everywhere, mainly shellfish, to be washed down with Ribero wine drunk from white china cups. Splendid Romanesque cathedral at Santiago de Compostela. Three-star hotels are $10.50, double; the *paradors* of Galicia, usually converted castles or mansions, are $11 for four-star quality. Reserve in advance.

PICARDY: Because of its rich Gothic legacy, France's choice as its entry in Europe's Architectural Heritage Year. Suggested choices: Amiens, Beauvais, Soissons. Special tours are planned from Paris to Picardy, featuring concerts, sound-and-light shows, and fortified towns and castles. Modest hotel rooms are as low as $8 to $12.

Irish Tourist Board

Dunbrody Abbey, Wexford—Inexpensive, accessible, burgeoning with small farms.



Italian State Tourist Office

Segesta, Sicily—"Top dollar value in Italy if you avoid de-luxe Taormina hotels."

SICILY: A short ferry-train ride from the Italian toe, and you're amid the Mediterranean's richest historic and artistic treasures. Top dollar value in Italy, if you avoid deluxe hotels of Taormina. Lots of comfortable second-class rooms with bath, $15, double. Tour Greek ruins of Agrigento, Syracuse, Segesta. Sicilian folklore still alive with puppets, hand-carved carts, ancient musical instruments.

GELDERLAND: Central Holland, east of Amsterdam. Forests, open meadows, even some hills (a rarity in table-flat Holland). Airborne museum in Doorwerth Castle displays relics of abortive Allied paratroop invasion now recorded in the bestseller *A Bridge Too Far*. Kröller-Müller museum, in a wooded setting nearby, sparkles with works by Corot, Renoir, van Gogh, Braque, and Léger. Easy train ride from Amsterdam on dense Dutch rail system. Rent a bike at station for two guilders (80 cents) a day. Bungalow parks at Apeldoorn.

FÜNEN: Danish island, west of Copenhagen. By car, bus, or train. Bucolic, scaled-down fairy-tale quality (and birthplace, in Odense, of Hans Christian Andersen). Ideal for bicycle-touring—$110 a week if you stay overnight in hotels and inns, $75 in hostels. Svendborg, on southern coast, is replete with charm and roses. Or stay on Fünen farms: less than $12 a day demi-pension per person (for children 4 to 12, 25 percent reduction).

NORWEGIAN FJORDS: By coastal steamer out of Bergen. No deluxe cruise ship; steamers haul cargo, mail, fish—and up to 500 passengers. Thirteen ships constantly plying fjords on gorgeous

Former travel editor of SR, *David Butwin writes freelance, mostly on travel subjects.*

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Fare Enough?

Air fares to Europe, believe it or not, have been lowered for the coming season —with an asterisk or two. The key is planning ahead. You can get to London for 22 to 45 days for $309 between April 1 and May 31—provided that you pay 60 days in advance. If you're forced to cancel or to change reservations, you lose 10 percent or $50, whichever is higher. In June, July, and August, this budget fare with the same proviso increases to $399, but the saving is still almost $100 compared with regular fares. Summer budget fare to Paris: $434; Rome, $528. If you go for 22 to 45 days but don't reserve 60 days in advance, Paris will cost $505; Rome, $581. Youth fares (pending approval of the Civil Aeronautics Board) will become effective April 1 and will enable all those between the ages of 12 and 21 to go to Paris for $473; Rome, for $484; and London, for $465. Reservations can only be made five days before departure, but there is no time restriction on the visit within a year. D.B.

2,500-mile coast to North Cape. The whole journey takes 11 days, but shorter segments can be arranged. The steamer calls at 30-odd ports, where bands and townsfolk greet ships. About $48 a day, full board in midsummer; $32 in spring and late summer.

DALARNA: The folklore province in central Sweden, northwest of Stockholm. Sweden of an earlier time. Red-shingled houses, maypoles in the park. Midsummer, the weekend nearest June 21 solstice, is still celebrated with traditional Swedish customs and verve. Water sports on large Lake Silvan. Lakeside cabin with five beds is as low as $85 a week. A stay at a small hotel costs less than $24, double, full board—a bargain in Sweden.

AULANKO: Finnish lake resort, north of Helsinki. Well-equipped holiday villages multiplying in this region and all across Finland. Less than $10 for cottage that sleeps two to four; lakeside sauna; boating; fishing; Finnish-modern main building with restaurant, bar, dance floor. Finland is 15 percent dearer to get to than, say, Paris or Amsterdam, but once you are there, your costs drop. Rail and domestic air fares among the lowest in Europe.

MOSEL VALLEY: Northwest Germany, near French and Luxembourg borders, is an alternative to the more widely toured Rhine. The scenery is probably better, and some of the wines are, too. From the west, pick up the Mosel at Trier, where you can tour huge wine vaults. Stop in ancient wine towns: Zell, Traben-Trarbach, Bernkastel, and Cochem, which have wine-tastings and festivals. Rooms in hotels and dark-beamed inns can be had for $12, double.

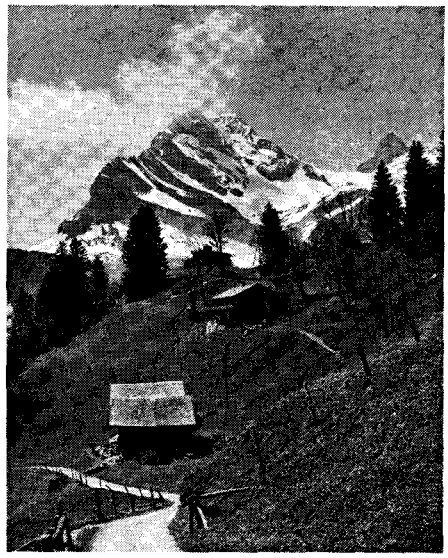
ST. GALLEN: Main city and good pushing-off point for touring northeast Switzerland, one of the country's lower-priced regions. Bordered by Austria, Germany, Lichtenstein. Trains necessary for traveling to remote mountain villages, such as Braunwald, where cars aren't permitted. Excellent hiking terrain out of Appenzell. Try cable car to Sentis. Less than $20 for double, bed and breakfast in Appenzell.

STYRIA: A province in southeast Austria. Graz, the capital city, is on the road to Italy, Yugoslavia, and Greece from Vienna. Graz is steeped in Gothic, medieval flavor, and the grape-clad countryside is unspoiled. The excursion is rather like traveling in Europe a generation ago. Eat roast lamb on spit; see the Lipizzaner stud farm at Piber. Five-dollar hotel rooms are still a reality.

EPIDAURUS: Ancient Greece comes to life on Peloponnesian peninsula across the bay from Athens. Greek National Theater performs in 55-tier Epidaurus amphitheater, a marvel of harmony and acoustics, nightly in summer. In this area, tour Mycenae, with ruins of fourteenth-century B.C. palace-fortress; Nauplia, rich in medieval history and holiday fun-making. Comfortable C-class hotels are $10 a day, double.

GÖREME VALLEY: Turkey's Cappadocia region, southeast of Ankara, offers early Christian houses, churches, and monasteries carved out of ghostly volcanic pinnacles. In the caves whole underground villages are to be seen intact. In main cities—Nevsehir, Urgup, and Nigde—see Turkish onyx vases carved, carpets woven. Club Med on

Bernkastel-Kues—In the ancient wine towns, dark-beamed inns at $12, double.



Braunwald, Switzerland—Remote mountain villages where cars aren't permitted.

Istria, Yugoslavia—Inland day trips to Postojna, the largest caves in Europe.

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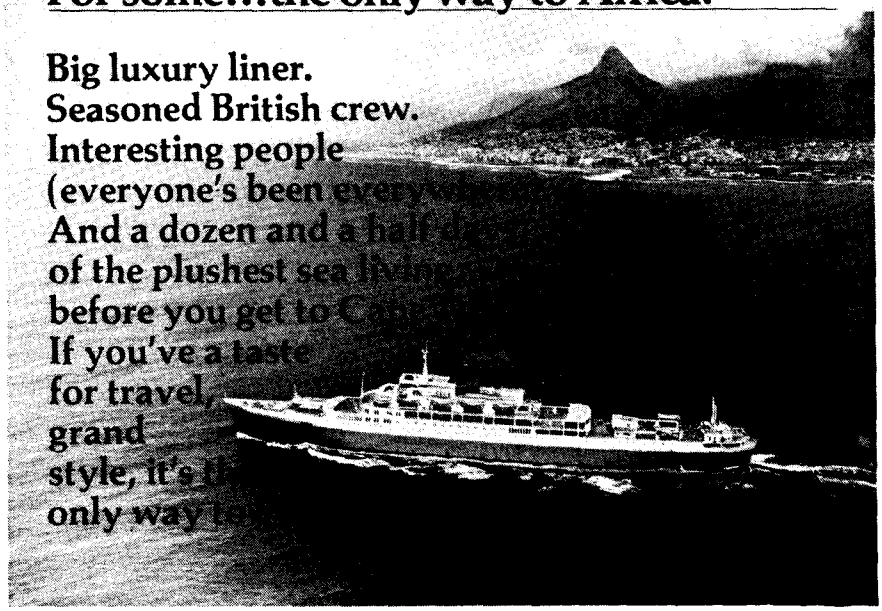
For some...the only way to Africa.



Big luxury liner.
Seasoned British crew.
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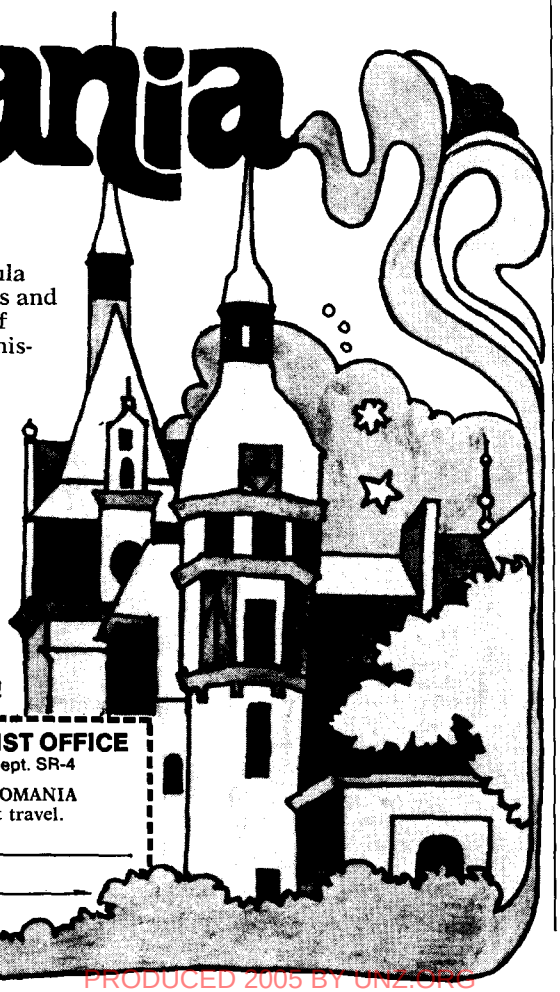

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—George W. Oakes,
Turn Right at the Fountain,
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971

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Seeing the World on Nothing a Day

Getting there may be half the fun, but staying there is half the expense. Here is a hatful of ways to sight-see without opening your billfold (hardly).

by Dena Kaye

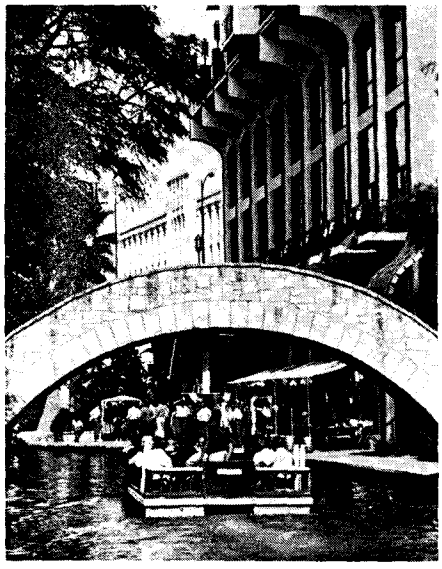
On the Farm at Farmers Market in Los Angeles–20-acre ranch market on the corner of Fairfax and Third avenues, has alleyways lined by individual stores stocked with silks from the Orient, handmade baskets from Mexico, pets, garden furniture; 26 restaurants, some with dining patios; 10 stalls displaying fresh vegetables and fruits (mangoes and papayas from the South Seas, sugar cane from Hawaii); 11 meat markets, fancy groceries, and bakers and candymakers–chocolate-covered cherries made by hand while you watch.

In History's Footsteps in Monterey, Calif.–Follow the Spanish-colonial path of history in this city on the Pacific coast, once the capital of Mexico's Pacific empire, and the place where Father Serra (father of California's mission system) established the Carmel Mission. The path of history is marked by an orange-red line painted down the center of the streets throughout town that leads to every old house of distinction. Each is marked by a plaque explaining architecture and history. Included: Robert Louis Stevenson's house, sporting his furniture and personal belongings; the First Theater, site of the presentation of the first melodrama in California, in the 1840s; the Old Customs House, where the American flag unfurled with the defeat of Mexico by the United States in 1846; Larkin House; and the Old Monterey Jail.

Customs House, Monterey–Following the colored line through colonial history.

High-Rolling in Las Vegas–Watch the gamblers play in any hotel lobby (in Europe many casinos charge), or take a course in chance at the Mint, a downtown hotel. The casino school includes a 20-minute color movie, a lecture about the games, and instruction in baccarat. (From 1 to 5 daily; Friday, Saturday, and Sunday 11 to 3.) The Behind-the Scenes Tour (daily 11 to 6:30) looks in on the money-counting room and explains gambling techniques from the Eye in the Sky, the name for the floor above the casino, where students peer through a glass (it's a mirror on the other side) to see the action in the casino.

The Seine of San Antonio–Stroll along the walkways (pedestrians only) on either side of the San Antonio River. The waterway curves through the downtown area and is lined with subtropical flowers and trees, restaurants (choose from tamales, quiche, wursts, pizzas), boutiques, art galleries, and nightclubs. Arched bridges connect the two river banks. Special riverside events: The Fiesta Week in April features King's River Parade, a one-night procession of decorated floats, and Nights in Old San Antonio in La Villita, festivities in a restored Mexican village with arts-and-crafts shops, and music throughout, from oompah to Spanish guitar. There is folkloric dancing during Fiesta de Noche del Rio four times a week during the summer at the Arneson River Theater.



San Antonio River–Subtropical flora, wursts, pizzas, quiche, and tamales.

Walk on the Moon in Idaho–The ancient lava flows at Craters of the Moon National Monument, a 53,545-acre preserve 88 miles from Idaho Falls, resemble a moonscape. (It was a locale chosen for preflight training by astronauts.) Caves can be explored with aid of a miner's hat, lamp, and knee pads furnished by the park. Hikers, without benefit of miners' hats, can tramp in the park's wilderness area.

Peacepipe Quarries in Pipestone, Minn.–Quarries at Pipestone National Monument are still worked for stone pipes favored by the Indians for ceremonial custom. Throughout the summer there are demonstrations of crafts–basket and pottery ware, rug-weaving, pipemaking–and ceremonial dances. There is a museum and exhibition gallery.

French Quarter in New Orleans–Explore the Vieux Carré, the original French section, first popularized by the Creole elite in the 1830s and 1840s. There are narrow streets, hidden courtyards, cast-iron grillwork on the galleries (balconies). A walk through the quarter could include a look at Jackson Square and the Cathedral of St. Louis (and the cathedral's garden, where rich men dueled over favorite ladies); antique shops on Royal Street; Pirate's Alley, now an outdoor picture gallery; the sprawling French produce market; Madame John's Legacy, a plantation house. Jazz played at Preservation Hall and the clubs on Bourbon Street carries out into the streets, along with the scent of Creole cuisine from Antoine's, Galatoire's, Brennan's, and Tujacque's.

Historic Savannah–Southern belle of

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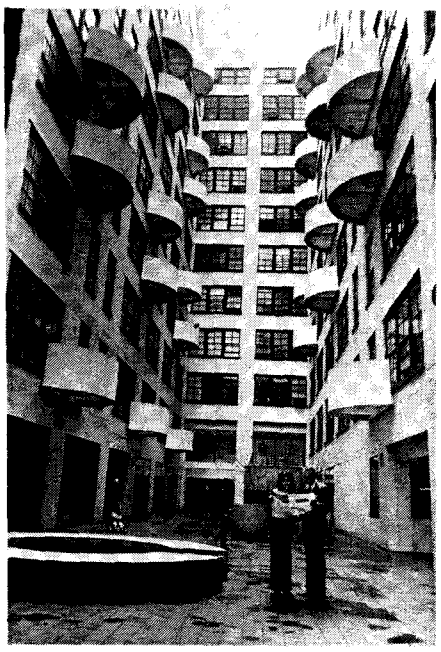
Vieux Carré, New Orleans—The heady scent of Creole cuisine, the sound of jazz.

seaport towns. This is America's largest national historic district, an area covering 2.2 square miles of the original city with brick and cobblestone streets, 100-plus-year-old houses (with admission charges), and squares. Don't miss Factors' Walk Military Museum in the old cotton warehouse; Pirate's House, a restored inn (with relics), for rum and seafood; the riverfront area with its series of craft shops—leather, iron work, pottery. The Visitors Bureau or Historic Savannah Foundation provides maps and explanations for a two-hour, drive-yourself tour.

Begin the Bicentennial in Boston—Boston 200, the city's official Bicentennial organization, begins a two-year schedule of events on Patriot's Day, April 19, 1975. The history of Boston will be unfolded through a network of exhibits (that is, multimedia presentations, library programs, museum events); tours of historic sites; commemorations (the Boston Tea Party, Paul Revere's Ride); forums and ethnic neighborhood festivals; marker systems, walking trails patterned after the Freedom Trail, a self-guided tour of old Boston (indicated by a red brick walkway down the sidewalk). New trails will trace Boston's history with special reference to blacks, medicine, architecture, and its women.

No Cost in the Capital—Washington, D.C., offers anyone interested in history, government, and the heritage of the nation free tours of the Capitol; the White House; the National Gallery; the F.B.I.; all buildings of the Smithsonian Institution (exhibits include the Hope Diamond, all space capsules, *The Spirit of St. Louis*); the Supreme Court; the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials; the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts; the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden (newest in town); cherry trees when in blossom; the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where paper money is made. No free samples.

New York for Nothing—Self-guided walking tours through the city's historic neighborhoods, i.e., Chelsea on the West Side between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth streets and Seventh Avenue and the Hudson River, with nineteenth-century townhouses, offbeat antique shops; Soho, just below Greenwich Village and Houston Street, New York's newest neighborhood, an artists' colony with galleries, craft shops, and restaurants (Convention and Visitors Bureau provides information); the American Indian Museum; the Brooklyn Museum, famous for its Egyptian collection and ornamental sculpture from New York's buildings; the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History—fee: a donation (even a penny). In midsummer: the New York Philharmonic and Metropolitan Opera concerts in Sheep's Meadow in Central Park, Cunningham Park in Queens, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx, the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park's Delacorte Theater. There are tours of the New York and American Stock Exchanges, the Federal Reserve Bank (where gold bricks are kept), and the United Nations.



New Greenwich Village—Self-guided walks in Gotham's neighborhoods.

A Royal Rehearsal in Ottawa—The Royal Canadian Mounted Police practice the famous Musical Ride Show—movements based on early British Cavalry drills that include the Bridal Arch, the Star, and the Cloverleaf—Monday to Friday, year-round, at the indoor and outdoor practice area at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Building in Ottawa. Stable and tack room are also open to visitors.

Marketing in Oaxaca, Mexico—The daily market is most colorful on Saturday (people arrive late Friday night with burros carrying their wares): a composite of turbaned hill girls in white dresses with red belts, Yalalag women in white shifts with knots of colored thread at chest and back, and girls wearing caps made from bunches of green onions. Stalls display specialties of Oaxaca—serapes, rebozos, pottery, long mesh bags, thick-soled pointed sandals, and the usual masses of flowers, spices, and vegetables seen in other Mexican markets.

Mexican National Tourist Council

Oaxaca Shopper—Turbaned hill girls and others with caps of green onions.

African Voodoo and Dance in Bahía—Ladeira do Pelouriñho, a quarter in the old part of Salvador, Brazil, is the center for the African cult of candomblé, a Bahían version of voodoo, and capoeira, the African art that is a combination of dance, fight, and game. Capoeira performances are given on Saturday morn-

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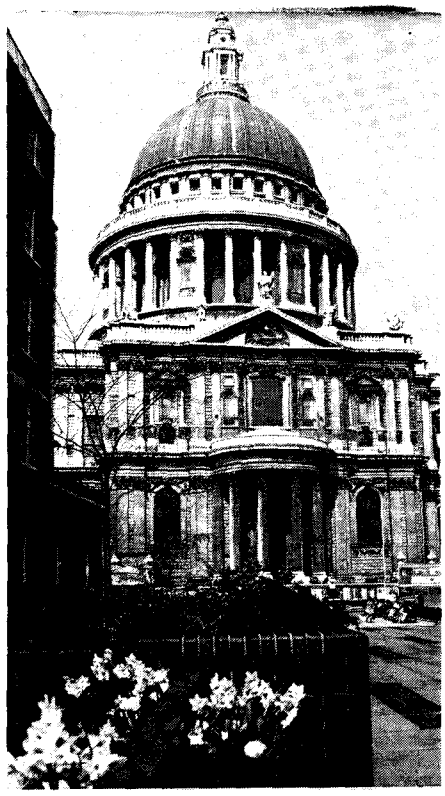
ings in front of the Mercado Modelo. Candomblé rituals unfold in special grounds called *terreiros* (ask hotel for exact location).

Picnic Under a Waterfall in Guadeloupe, West Indies—Take a picnic lunch (prepared by the hotel or bought in the shops in Ste. Marie on the Basse-Terre side of the island), and drive along the Allée Dumanoir, a straight road edged with royal palms, to the town of Capesterre. Pass through the town, and make a right turn on Ruthiers Road. Follow it to a dead end, and park car. A half-hour's walk down a narrow path, through the overgrown forest, flowers, banana and bamboo trees, leads to the base of the waterfall (800-foot cascade) called Chutes du Carbet. Two big pools for swimming—thermal on the left, cool on the right. Bamboo hut for changing clothes.

Sherlock Holmes's London—Visit the Sherlock Holmes Pub (Northumberland Street, WC 2). The lower floor is filled with mementos of his career and a rendering of his fictitious room on Baker Street. Then stop at Charing Cross Station, the departure point for trains to his literary adventures, and Baker Street, where "he lived" (probably at number 111); trace Holmes's and Watson's walk down Baker to Oxford Street to Regent Street, where they found a picture of the lady who was being blackmailed by Charles August Milverton; inspect Scotland Yard, home of Inspector Lestrade. Other Holmes's haunts: Hyde Park, Hampstead Heath, the British Museum. Or just walk through London on a misty night.

A Weekend in Paris—Be a *flaneur*, the French word for easygoing stroller, and take in the Marais, one of the city's oldest settlements. In the seventeenth century the Place des Vosges was the quarter's focal point (in summer the mansions and churches become theaters and concert halls). Go to organ-music recitals in the churches of Notre Dame, St. Sulpice, and the Madeleine; the marionette theater in the Tuileries Garden; a picnic in the Bois de Boulogne; the colorful food markets (and the restaurants) on the rue Mouffetard on the Left Bank or Montmartre's market on the rue Lepic, a steep street lined with shops—bakers, butchers, tailors—particularly popular with bargain-conscious Parisians; the Marché aux Puces, or Flea Market, an overflowing jumble of 2,000 stalls stuffed with antiques, old clothes, old jewelry, especially art-deco style;



British Tourist Authority
St. Paul's London—Also Portobello Road, Petticoat Lane, and the Abbey.

Deux Magots café, once the hangout of Hemingway and Stein, or that newer outpost, Le Drugstore on Boulevard St. Germain; free admission on Sundays at the Louvre (*Winged Victory*, *Vénus de Milo*, *Mona Lisa*); the Victor Hugo Museum, his house with memorabilia; the Place du Vert-Galant with its guitar players and lovers (named after Henry IV's nickname, meaning "gay old blade") under the Pont Neuf on the Seine; the Eiffel Tower viewed at dusk from the fountains at Place Trocadero.

London on Very Little—See the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace; the 900 years of British history at Westminster Abbey; St. Paul's Cathedral (the largest church in the city, built by Sir Christopher Wren); Parliament in session (or Speaker's Corner at Hyde Park Corner for speeches by anyone with an opinion on anything); the law courts (the judges still wear white wigs); the British Museum, famous for the Elgin Marbles, the Rosetta Stone, the Magna Carta; the Tate Museum (British pre-1900 paintings as well as modernists); the Victoria and Albert Museum for fine and applied arts, paintings and drawings by Constable, English miniatures, the Print Room; auctions at Sotheby and Company; markets: trendy Portobello Road (best time: Saturday mid-morning) for antiques and junk, fruits and vegetables; Petticoat Lane (on Sunday A.M.), a collection of stalls in London's East End for

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practically anything—underwear to jellied eels.

Everyman's Right in Sweden—Based on the right to cross another man's land from the days when few roads existed and shortcuts were important, this practice allows: camping for one night on private property without the owner's permission; using (your own) rowboats, canoes, and sailboats on private waters; picking berries, flowers, and mushrooms; using reasonable quantities of fresh water from wells. Dogs are allowed, but from March to September they must be on a leash.

Entertainment on the House in Copenhagen—Listen to afternoon concerts, chamber music, singing recitals, at the Royal Academy of Art, July 1 to 19; concerts in the church of Christiansborg Castle, a mini St. Peter's, where the royal family still has celebrations, twice weekly at 8 P.M. in July and August; jazz concerts in the city's many squares (posters around town give the details); theater productions and music concerts (some children's programs) in Grayfriar's Square all summer long.

Greatest Show on Earth in Marrakesh—A daily matinee (three until sundown) unfolds in the Square called the Djemma el f'na and features a cast of thousands: tumblers, snake charmers, storytellers, animal acts. Black dancers from the Sudan, dressed in white, leap to the beat of oversize metal castanets; Berber musicians play makeshift fiddles. A trained baboon sits and watches (so do tourists) while smoke from the roasting peanuts in the carts drifts over the crowds.

Walking in Jerusalem's Old City—Follow David Street through the bazaars filled with caftans, filigree jewelry, engraved copperware, Byzantine oil lamps. Stop at the Wailing Wall. To the right of the wall, stairs lead into the ancient Temple Mount, where El Aska Mosque and the Dome of the Rock stand. Continue to Saint Stephen's Gate and the Church of Saint Anne, then to the Via Dolorosa and its stations of the Cross. The last five lie within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Bridging Two Continents—Take a walk from Europe to Asia on the Bosporus Bridge in Istanbul, spanning the waterway that joins the Black Sea to the Aegean and separates two continents. On the right: Istanbul's skyline. Return to Europe by boat; the ferries from Uskudar to Galata Bridge (the world's oldest pontoon bridge still in use) cost only a dime.

Window-Shopping Along Some Chic Streets—Fifth Avenue, N.Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue, Tiffany, Cartier, Rockefeller Center, Rizzoli, Van Cleef & Arpels; Strøget, Copenhagen's walking street—Birgir Christensen (furs), Georg Jensen (silver), Illums Bolighus (home furnishings); New Bond Street, London—Asprey (handmade jewelry, antiques), Sotheby, Savory & Moore (oldest chemists in London); rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris—Hermès, Jourdan, Lanvin, Yves St. Laurent, Roget & Gallet, Cardin; via Condotti, Rome—Gucci, Cucci (silks & shirts), Venini (glass), Ferragamo (shoes), Bulgari.

Store-Browser's Guide—Wander through Neiman-Marcus, Dallas (main store)—famous for the original and the expensive, his and her items (camels and submarines), rare collection of Chinese robes, fortnightly celebrations saluting the art and fashion of different countries; Gumps, San Francisco—celebrated for *objets d'art*, orientalia, china, glass, jade, and silver; Bloomingdale's, New York—model rooms for interior design, fine-foods department, trendy boutiques; Galeries Lafayette, Paris—everyday, non-exotic items, a glimpse into French household habits, multilingual guides available, no purchase necessary; Biba, London—boutique-turned-department-store, decor as important as merchandise, art-deco style, mirrored walls, stained woodwork, marble floors, and a two-acre roof garden; Harrods, London—Europe's largest department store, over 200 sections from a zoo to a food market to fashion, services including arranging funerals and tuning pianos. □

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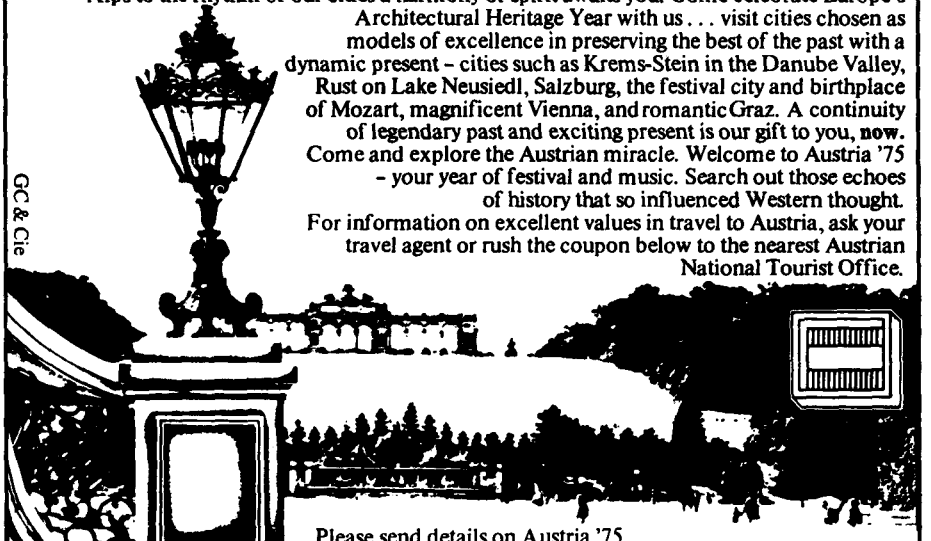

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

The Persistence of Trivia

One of the prices you pay, if you are a nut about facts, is that practically no morsel of information fails to titillate you. *Everything* becomes fascinating; you turn slave to the peculiar, the diverse, the trivial. Consider these off-beat nuggets, stored in my memory bank, from which I cannot evict them:

(1) In Burma there are deer that bark. (Whether they bark in Burmese, I do not know. The wise men at the zoo have not been of the slightest help to me on this; I suspect they have a coyote who howls in Esperanto.)

(2) Whenever Lord Palmerston visited Queen Victoria for a weekend, at Windsor or Balmoral, all the royal ladies-in-waiting locked and double-bolted their doors, every night—so raunchy and indiscriminate was Palmerston's concupiscence.

(3) In Africa, when the natives tell their young the story of Hänsel and Gretel, the witch's house is not made of cake but of—salt; for salt is much more highly prized in Africa than cake ever was. As for dear little Snow White, in countries in which the inhabitants have never seen snow, she is called "Flower White." Who can blame them?

(4) Lizards copulate very fast; but snakes do their tango in slow, entwined, preliminary mazurkas that last for *hours*.

(5) The Culinary Scene:

(a) The croissant was first baked in Austria, not France. It is shaped like a crescent to express the Viennese hatred of the Turks, who were laying siege to the capital. Since the Viennese could not beat their oppressors, they (symbolically) ate them.

(b) Until recently pizzas were as alien to Italy as baseball. Today, of course, pizzas abound in Rome; baseball does not.

(c) There are no turkeys in Turkey. The name for that gobbler came from its resemblance to the guinea hen—which early explorers to America had seen in Europe and knew to be indigenous to Turkey.

(d) Spaniards have never heard of "Spanish rice."

(e) English muffins were invented in America.

(f) Vichyssoise was invented in New York, by the chef at the old Ritz-Carlton.

(g) There is no Danish pastry in Denmark; the Danes call it "Vienna bread."

(6) Quails are both monogamous and polygamous. (Now *there's* something for women's lib.) The connubial habits of the quail, a creature I have heretofore eaten without appropriate respect, bring to mind (at least to *my* mind) one supernatural experience of William James's. That great psychologist kept a pad of paper on his night table, so that no idea spawned in the night would go unrecorded. One night, during a glowing dream, James felt the sensation of having hit upon one of the greatest insights ever vouchsafed to man. James drowsily scribbled the revelation on his pad. The next morning he saw what it was he had preserved for immortality:

> Higamous, hogamous,
> Woman's monogamous;
> Hogamous, higamous,
> Man is polygamous.

I do not even quail in telling you so.

(7) Natives of the Junag tribe, in Orissa, India, sleep in the open, *underneath* their raised, thatched, comfortable houses. The houses, on stilts or pilings, are occupied by the natives' goats (which, I suspect, are both spoiled and smug).

(8) The Colossus of Rhodes, one of the ancients' Seven Wonders of the World, was not simply a colossus. It was a statue of Helios, the Sun God.

(9) Among the delicious names taken by, or given to, minor political parties in the United States (apart from Mugwumps and Bull Moose) are these doozies: Quids, Locofocos, Barnburners, Coodies, Hunkies, Bucktails. (*Please* don't write to ask me to identify them; just use the indexes of half a dozen books on American history.)

(10) The technical name for a fear of the number *13* (real neurotic *fear*, not run-of-the-mill superstition, avoidance, or uneasiness) is "triskaidekaphobia." That's from the Greek: *treis* ("three"), *kai* ("and"), *deka* ("10"), *phobia* ("fear"). This bores me.

(11) The Pileated Tinamou, a bird found in picturesque Panama, sings every three hours—*every* three hours, day and night. (Its national anthem must be "Of Thee I Sing.")

(12) One of the most important men and forces in all history is Johann Gensfleisch. If you are puzzled (as you should be), let me unpuzzle you. Johann Gensfleisch invented printing, i.e., movable type. His father's name was Gensfleisch, which means "gooseflesh"; so he took his mother's name, which was Gutenberg. Who can blame him? How would you like to go through life being hailed, "Hi, there, Goose pimple"?

Another name-changer, of course, was Hitler—whose patronymic was Schicklgruber. Among the meanings of *Grube* is "a pit, hole—or grave." Never was a biped monster more aptly named. □

"Stroke, stroke . . ."

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Not Much Time to Save Fisheries

Several bills now making their way through Congress would unilaterally determine a number of issues that the international community has long sought to resolve by negotiation in the Law of the Sea Conference. If the resumed meeting in Geneva this month fails to make substantial progress—such as would ensure the initialing of a comprehensive agreement by next year at a final meeting in Caracas—a rash of unilateral actions by this country and others is a virtual certainty. The opportunity for an international ocean regime affording protection to the seas and an equitable distribution of their resources might then be permanently lost.

One of the interrelated issues in the Law of the Sea Conference is coastal fisheries. Despite the fact that there is virtual agreement on a 200-mile zone in which the living and mineral resources would belong to the coastal state, the Soviet Union, Japan, and other nations continue to overfish New England and northern West Coast waters to an alarming degree, while U.S. fishermen are depleting tuna stocks off the coast of Ecuador and Peru. Haddock, once the very basis of the New England fishing industry, is considered commercially extinct, with stocks estimated at between 2 and 10 percent of what they once were. Other species are threatened, and the pattern is repeated in most of the world's major fishing waters.

New England fishermen are literally up in arms; at least rumors abound that they are arming themselves to drive off the "invaders" of their traditional fishing grounds. They are demanding that Congress unilaterally declare a 200-mile zone (as many Latin American countries have already done) from which foreign fishermen would be excluded. At a time of food shortage and grave concern for conservation of food resources, their case appears to go well beyond parochial interest. Congressional sponsors emphasize that the bills now in Congress would provide only interim protection until a Law of the Sea agreement is reached—agreement that they contend will not come in time to save the fisheries.

Yet opponents also have a strong case. They assert that unilateral action to establish a 200-mile coastal zone would:

- Violate international law and contradict the rhetoric of Congress itself about freedom of the seas for American fishermen off South America;
- Set off a chain reaction among other nations, not only to protect their fisheries but also for other purposes;
- Complicate or even preclude reaching a Law of the Sea agreement by angering other nations and injuring the U.S. bargaining position;
- Fail as a conservation measure because no provision is made for management of U.S. fishing fleets, which must share responsibility for the depletion of fishing stocks; and
- Have serious consequences for our relations with the Soviet Union and Japan and possibly lead to dangerous armed incidents.

The State Department contends that intense negotiations with the major fishing nations to win voluntary reduction of catches in American waters are showing success, though the evidence is not convincing. (However, since December bottom trawling on our continental shelf has been prohibited, and the Japanese learned in February that this is being enforced.) State argues further that an alternative to unilateral action would be to invoke Article 7 of the 1958 Convention on Fishing and Conservation of Resources of the High Seas. This provides that coastal states may act to preserve fisheries as long as measures taken are non-discriminatory and based on scientific fact. A major difficulty with invoking this convention is that it has not been ratified by enough nations to bring it legally into effect, and the Soviet Union and Japan are not among the signatories.

The fisheries issue has engendered extraordinary heat because those economically affected believe Washington gives their interests low priority. Environmentalists are divided. As a breed, they tend to be internationalists and opposed to unilateral action; yet they are appalled by the continuing destruction of fishing stocks. What swings a majority against legislating a 200-mile limit is the realization that this might be merely the first of several unilateral acts affecting the oceans, and that others would be far less justified. For example, in this Congress, as in the last, are bills to authorize U.S. firms to exploit minerals in the seabed beyond the continental shelf.

Those who contend that a Law of the Sea convention will not come in time to save fisheries may be right; it may already be too late. Fisheries management is a global problem, and the nation-state system offers a built-in disincentive to conserve. What we may be witnessing is the end of man's role as hunter of fish (at least on a commercial scale) and the gradual conversion to fish farming on a massive scale.

FISH SUPPLEMENTS

There is no lack of tested ideas for ways to supplement declining natural fisheries (see adjoining story). A sampling gleaned from the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science:

- The upper Great Lakes could sustain a yield of 100,000 tons of salmon per year.
- An offshore farm of 125 acres could produce 250,000 bushels of oysters feeding on photoplankton nourished by treated sewage. (Fish farms need not compete for valuable coastal land.)
- In northeast Brazil a species of carp matures in less than nine months on swine and chicken sewage, producing five to eight tons of edible fish per hectare per year.
- Many varieties of fish go unharvested because they are not attractive to man. Processed in new ways, they could be made edible, while their tasteless muscle protein could be used in meat processing.

Global Report

Delhi—In most cities of the world, dilapidated buses lumber from the outskirts of the metropolitan area to a fixed point on the other side of town. There never seem to be enough buses where passengers are most numerous or enough money to buy new ones. Two years ago, bus service in Delhi was typical; in the word of a government report, it was "atrocious."

Then a young man in the Technology Ministry's Office of Environmental Planning and Coordination decided that if

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buses were "direction oriented" instead of "destination oriented," service could be improved without additional buses. He drew a plan showing feeder lines leading into a small number of interchanges with rapid shuttle service between them.

Almost unbelievably, the plan was put into operation within three months of its conception, and four months later a partial system was yielding these results: Fewer buses were carrying more passengers more miles, gross income was up, the number of passengers carried per bus was up, and income per bus was up nearly 50 percent. For the first time, buses were on or near schedule, and the city's more than 1 million riders were pleased, if not astonished.

Now the system is being further expanded and improved, and the Indian government has allocated about $17 million for new buses, maintenance shops, and interchanges in the expectation that much more than this amount will be saved in petroleum imports by luring car drivers onto the bus system.

As the *New Scientist* points out, this bureaucratic victory has an importance that goes beyond public transport. Indian officials, conscious of the government's ponderous inefficiency, have been encouraged to re-examine other intractable problems in the hope of finding solutions with rationality rather than with rupees.

Lima—The potato originated in South America. A research center here is now trying to do for the potato what has already been done (and continues to be done) for maize and wheat in Mexico, for rice in the Philippines: developing higher-yielding, higher-quality, more resistant strains.

Though the potato is one of the world's most cultivated crops, it is subject to many diseases and pests. Moreover, it does not grow well in the tropics; yet its acceptance as a food is widespread and seems to be expanding. Since 1971 the International Potato Center (CIP) has been gathering genetic samples of different varieties of the white potato and field-testing them at two different sites: one high in the Andes, the other in a tropical coastal area. Though no spectacular breakthroughs have yet been made, CIP is now creating an extension service to bring to farmers of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador what has so far been learned about growing potatoes in differing environments.

Brussels—At the dawn of the environmental age less than a decade ago, the first principle enunciated by the European Community was that "the polluter must pay." The idea was that if some countries subsidized industries to clean up their own mess while others did not, competition within the community would be gravely distorted. The concept was sound enough, but it has proved the very devil to put into practice. Exceptions overwhelmed the rule, especially in France, and it became evident that without state aid, the slow pace of pollution abatement would become imperceptible.

Now the European Community has come up with a new formula: During this year and next, government subsidies for environmental protection must not exceed 45 percent of the amount invested by the aided company. This percentage will be reduced to 30 percent in 1977–78 and to 15 percent in 1979–80. The commission hopes its plan will be seen by member states and industry as a large carrot, encouraging prompt fulfillment of regulations.

Panama Canal Zone—A nuclear power plant, generating only 10 megawatts of electricity, is floating offshore here, providing a part of the electricity required in the Canal Zone. It is believed to be the first of what will ultimately be many offshore nuclear power plants that may be either floating or submerged. The military contends that a submerged reactor will be not only less vulnerable than a conventional fuel depot in case of attack but no more dangerous if hit.

Some U.S. advocates of nuclear energy believe that the Department of Defense should lead the way in converting to nuclear power, both in its ships and in military installations. Their reasoning: the U.S. military is the world's largest user of petroleum—thus the savings would be substantial; the Defense Department could build plants offshore or on government property, away from population centers and with lower probability of public protest; it could pioneer smaller power reactors and prove their economy and safety; and, above all, the military has vast quantities of enriched uranium both in storage and in obsolete weapons that are too "dirty" and too large for their intended purpose. The fuel recovered would provide a high proportion of the initial costs of converting to nuclear energy.

Tokyo—The Environment Agency reports that Japan's air marginally improved in 1973–74, while its waters worsened. Pollution of waterways near large cities declined slightly, but elsewhere tests for the presence of eight substances showed increased contamination.

Most of Japan's gains in air quality were achieved early in the decade, with only fractional improvement since 1973. Nitrogen dioxide is still increasing while sulfur dioxide and carbon monoxide, having declined appreciably, have remained at almost constant levels in recent years.

Recycling Home Heat

Immense amounts of energy are wasted when hot water from tubs, showers, and washing machines goes down the drain, when electric appliances give off unwanted heat, and when fireplaces vent 90 percent of their heat outdoors, drawing interior heat with it. In almost every industrialized country, experiments are going on to find economical ways of recapturing this wasted energy.

Prof. Helmut Schaefer of Munich University of Technology believes that, for an initial cost of about $240 per household, a system for recycling the heat in waste pipes could reduce water-heating bills by half, saving 1,400 kilowatt hours per year for an average family of four. He is now conducting tests in a 10-family apartment house. If his heat-exchanger works as efficiently as expected and his other estimates are correct, the nation can save $1 billion on its annual fuel bill—assuming the system is installed in every household.

Near Allentown, Pa., a more comprehensive system has been built into a demonstration house designed to reduce heat loss by at least 30 percent. The principal elements are a two-ton-capacity heat pump, a 1,000-gallon storage tank, and a closed-circuit water loop that, through a variety of heat-exchangers, recaptures waste heat from every possible source in the house. The system is supplemented by solar energy captured by heat-absorbing panels, not in the roof, but in the second-floor deck railing and in a screen around the patio. All this, it is hoped, can be provided ultimately at an additional cost of only $500.

The otherwise conventional single-family house was built by Pennsylvania Light & Power Company in collaboration with Philadelphia's Franklin Institute Research Laboratories and Drexel University, which will monitor the results by electronic sensors. The house is now occupied, and by the end of the year reports will be made available to contractors, architects, and the general public.

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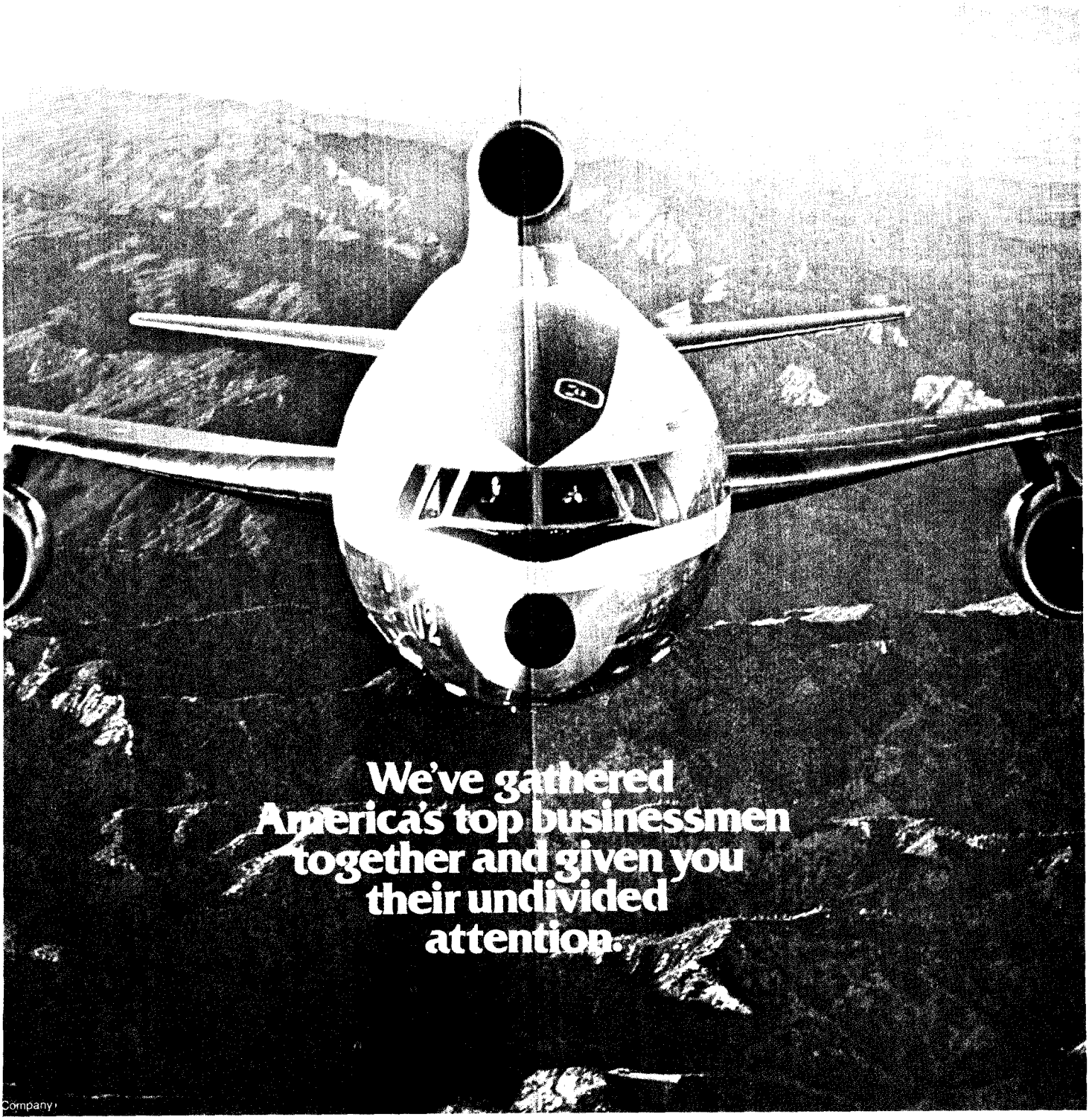

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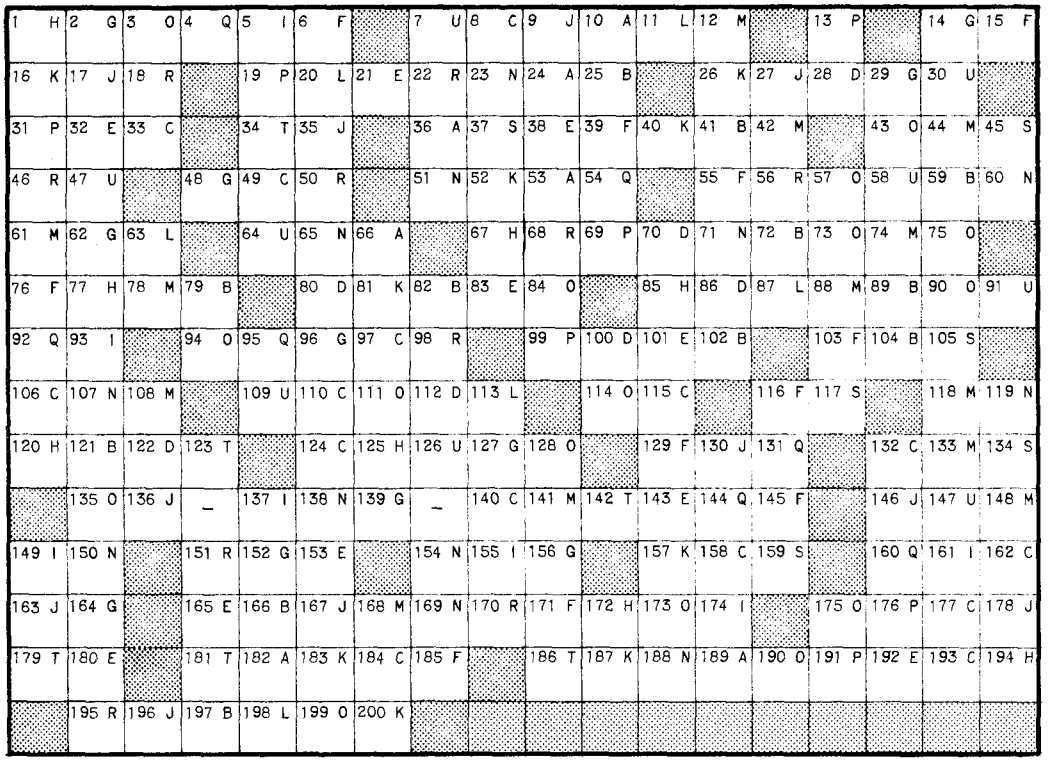
Double-Crostic No. 69

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS *to diagram and from diagram to* WORDS, *until the diagram is filled in.*

CLUES	WORDS
A. Considers that it is proper (to do something) (2 wds.)	24 36 53 66 182 189 10
B. "I will restore to you the _____" (3 wds., followed by WORD C; Joel 2:25)	89 104 121 166 41 59 72 82 102 197 25 79
C. See WORD B (3 wds.)	97 110 140 162 106 132 158 8 33 49 115 124 177 184 193
D. Surname of a Hugo hero	86 100 112 28 70 80 122
E. Fascinating	143 153 165 180 192 21 32 83 101 38
F. County in western Scotland whose county seat is Inverarary	129 171 145 6 15 39 55 103 116 185 76
G. Forced (a way) by battering (2 wds.)	14 29 96 127 139 152 156 164 2 48 62
H. Small mouselike rodents of the far northern regions	77 85 120 125 172 1 194 67
I. *Anything that relieves distress or pain*	137 149 161 5 93 155 174
J. Before Motown or Nashville, the way of popular music (comp. & wd.)	178 17 35 136 167 9 27 130 163 196 146
K. Render powerless or useless	187 16 26 157 183 200 40 52 81
L. Ministered to	198 11 20 63 87 113
M. Paper chase (3 wds.)	42 61 88 108 44 74 118 133 141 148 168 12 78
N. Tending to shatter basic attitudes, beliefs; momentous	119 65 188 71 60 169 107 154 51 23 138 150
O. This has replaced tobacco-chewing among many ballplayers (3 wds.)	173 111 3 90 175 199 75 135 43 114 190 57 94 73 84 128
P. Character in Nathan's parable (3 wds.)	19 99 176 191 13 69 31
Q. *Contemptible; inside info*	131 4 54 92 95 160 144
R. This is drained by the Leven to the Clyde (2 wds.)	195 46 170 56 22 50 151 68 18 98
S. English physician who first introduced vaccination to the Western world	45 134 117 37 159 105
T. Dismayed, daunted (*archaic*)	34 142 181 186 179 123
U. 1912 song by Jerome and Monaco (3 wds.)	30 91 7 47 126 64 58 147 109

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 68* appears on page 32.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Whole-Grain Truth

The *Light Refractions* preceding this one ended, "Honesty is fine, but when honesty itself becomes a new game, it's simply abrasive."

Having committed that sentence to print, I had second thoughts, wondering if everyone would understand what I meant by it. Isn't honesty always the best policy? Isn't it absolutely essential today, when we're being purified by what's called "the post-Watergate morality"?

Not necessarily. Not when "letting it all hang out" or "getting it all up front" creates new difficulties without ameliorating old ones. In fact, this sort of openness often appears to be quite unnatural. In a way, it's dishonest honesty.

Thanks to a masterstroke of serendipity, I was recently a participant in—or at least an observer of—a situation that illustrates my point.

We were in Berkeley, visiting our son, who is a grad student there, having graduated last year (summa cum laude—a detail I never omit), and Jeannie and young Tom and I went to a restaurant for breakfast. The restaurant was one of those very casual cafeteria-style places with the menu written on blackboards. It had that whole-grain look which reassures you that nothing will be wrapped in, or taste like, plastic. A whole-grain-looking young woman took our order, which went more or less like this:

JEANNIE: I'll take the scrambled eggs. And ham. (To Young Tom) I'll give you the ham.

YOUNG T.: Why don't I order my own ham?

JEANNIE: No, I'll give you mine.

YOUNG T.: The ham doesn't come with it. It's extra.

JEANNIE: It is?

YOUNG T.: Yeah, it's 75 cents extra. I'll take the ham and give it to you.

JEANNIE: Tommy, *I* don't want ham!

YOUNG T.: Come on, Mom, you ordered it.

JEANNIE: I was going to give it to you.

YOUNG T.: Okay. (To the waitress) I'll take two eggs sunnyside up with ham. But put my ham on my mom's plate so she can give it to me.

JEANNIE: (Laughing) Tommy!!

YOUNG T.: (To me) Do you want any ham? Because I'll tell you what. We can get Mom a double order, and she can give us both. . .

Get the picture? Tom's having great fun with his mother, who loves it. There's no one behind us; so we're not holding anyone up. But I notice that the whole-grain waitress is getting a hard, flat look. She's obviously about to lay a load of truth on us. Tom and Jeannie don't see it coming; so they're taken aback as she lets it all hang out: "Look. Your mother. is a mature. woman. I'm sure she knows. her own. mind. Why don't you just let. her. order. for herself?"

Jeannie ordered, Tom ordered, and I ordered, and we went to a booth to wait for our names to be called.

"She sort of threw a wet blanket on us, didn't she?" Jeannie said. "Really nonsense."

She had, in fact, spoiled the fun.

"That's a very fashionable attitude," Tom said. "It's a real pain. It's very big with the militants."

By militants, he meant militant feminists, of course. So probably the waitress was coming to the aid of a sister in distress. The fact that Jeannie thought of herself more as a mother than as a sister and that she felt not at all distressed did not influence Ms. Wholegrain's categorical imperative to be absolutely open and honest in her feelings.

This "fashionable attitude" is pervasive these days. I think it has a lot to do with the proliferation of encounter groups in recent years—"exploring your true self" and "relating."

We know people, as I'm sure we all do, who don't hesitate to tell you exactly what their feelings are about your attitudes and your personal life whether you're interested in what their feelings are or not. It's the honesty game.

The game Tom and Jeannie were playing wasn't one Ms. Wholegrain liked. She couldn't see the fun, the warmth, and the love in it; so she broke it up with her honesty game. Perhaps we should have shifted to her game and told her just what we thought of her lousy honesty, but we didn't. Honesty has many levels, just as truth has many faces. People who shove their own honest monkey wrenches into other people's games are not just boring. They're a pain. □

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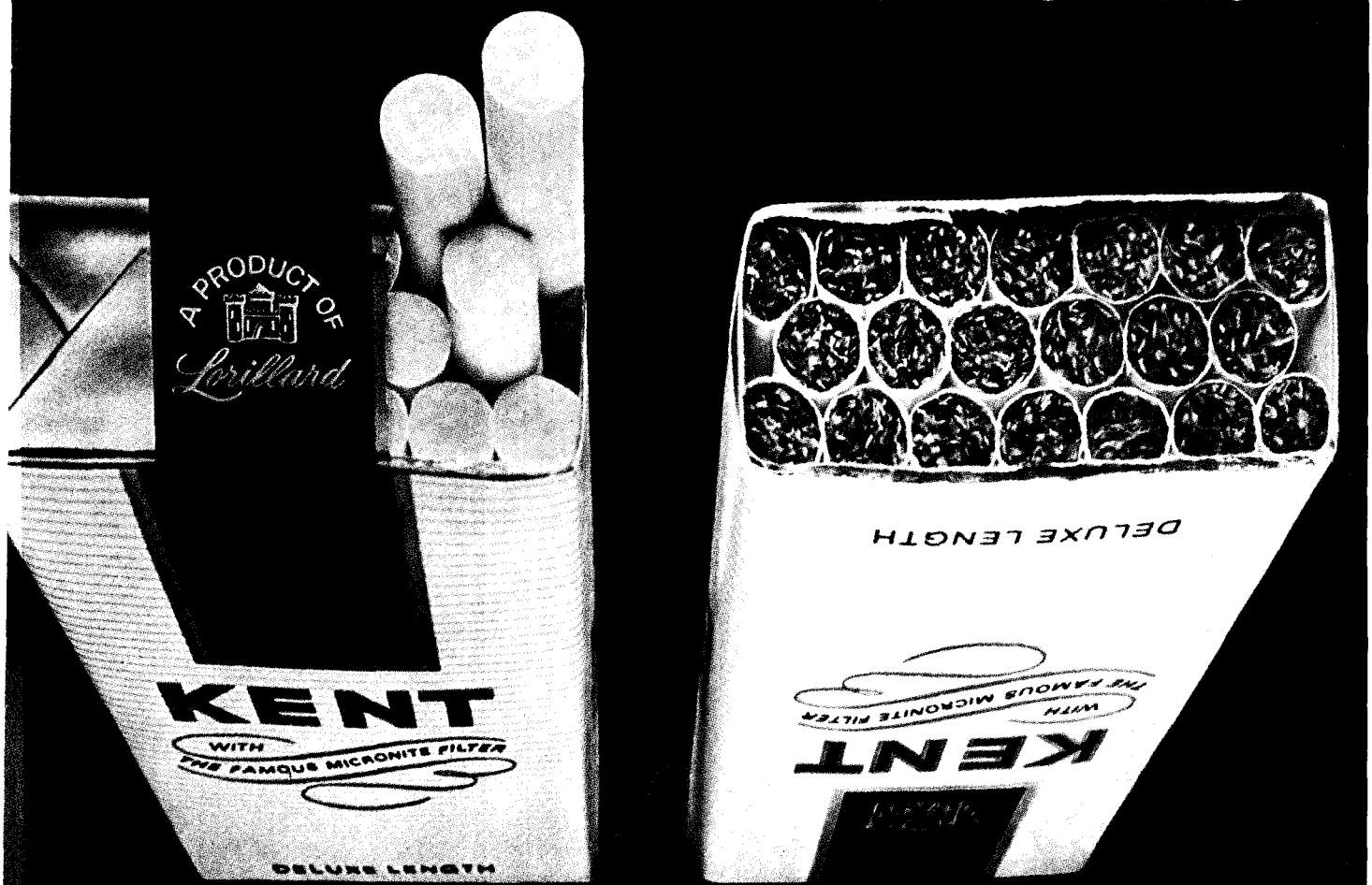

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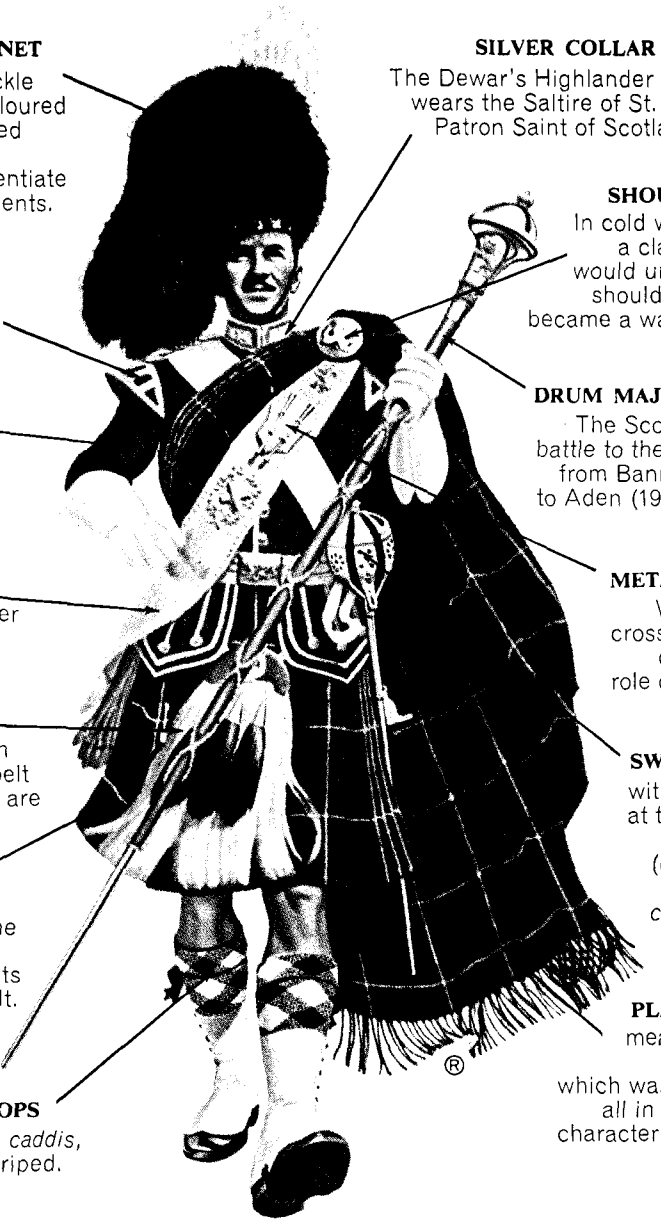

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With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

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To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

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Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis*, meaning striped.

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